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Thunder in Manhattan

IT is not often that a single publishing season in America affords two books of such unusual human and technical interest as Christopher Morley's "Thunder on the Left" and John Dos Passos' "Manhattan Transfer." The memory of a literary editor, focussing on his own brief time, goes back to the autumn of 1920, with its "Main Street" and "The Age of Innocence" for a parallel. But the books of 1925 have different values. The moment of satire, it seems, is passing, the moment of portraiture and interpretation begun.

It is well known that the most disparate seeming books of a given period are seen to have common characteristics when one looks backward at their age. Thackeray and Dickens seemed altogether opposite to their contemporaries, but not to us. And in "Thunder on the Left" and in "Manhattan Transfer" two authors whose philosophies of life are diametric and temperaments never the same, attack their subjects with a modern technique which is in effect nothing more than telling two stories at once, the outer and the inner narrative intertwined as in life. But here all resemblance ceases and the value of these two unusual books as exponents of what we are in this confused twentieth century really begins.

More than one philosopher has said that there is only one fundamental question to be asked, whether the universe is single or pluralistic. No one ever answers that question directly; perhaps no one ever answers it with entire consistency at all; but everyone lives by his deeply cherished conviction, vague and illogical though it may be.

For Dos Passos life is multifarious, purposeless, and incoherent. Existence is not character or belief or even emotion, nor is it by any means to be interpreted. Rather it is a flashing series of movements in which consciousness becomes vivid, so that reality is not in this person or that but in the vividness of their contacts. The individual builds up or disintegrates but the individual is only a spark from the coil, a point of friction in the whole. Is life like that? New York, at least, seems so. Its apparent reality is the slip of human atoms past each other at Manhattan Transfer, the swirling energy of streets in which moving, getting, having seem more real than being. Therefore the broken narrative of Dos Passos's book, its shake-up of figures shivering one against the other, its flashes which make no pattern, is tremendously convincing. This is not perhaps what man is like, but it is the resemblance of a great city, and perhaps the city's incoherence is real and man's purposes all illusion. So far Dos Passos.

It is the incoherence, the flash, and the sensation which are illusion in "Thunder on the Left." Straight and true through this realistic fantasy runs the theme which makes sense of vagary and confusion. Morley's week-enders wander in chaotic desires as much as those hard lost souls that flicker through "Manhattan Transfer," but in this Morleyan world the individual counts because at last he imposes his own moral law upon the shift of circumstance and bids it take shape and form. George discovers the true values of love; Joyce understands innocence. What matter if emotions cloud incoherently and there is no pattern into which all of experience fits, these folk have found their own meaning—call it religion if you like.

Now which book is true, since both touch deeply the memory of every sensitive dweller in this modern world of which they are aspects? We do not answer; but this at least is significant. Dos Passos's Manhattan is a bad dream where pathetic animals scratch and wallow. The laughter is hysterical, the pathos sodden; in all the book there is not one human being, not even the hero, who seems worth saving. This in itself is no criticism; yet one asks whether the mind that sees humanity thus is not drugged by the maddening intoxicants of the great city. The city's vivid but meaningless entity be-

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The Frost Pane

By DAVID MCCORD

WHAT'S the good of breathing
On the window
Pane
In summer?
You can't make a frost
On the window pane
In summer.
You can't write a
Nalphabet,
You can't draw a
Nelephant;
You can't make a smudge
With your nose
(In summer).
Lots of good, breathing
On the window
Pane
In winter.
You can make a frost
On the window pane
In winter.
A white frost, a light frost,
A thick frost, a quick frost,
A write-me-out-a-picture-frost
Across
The pane
In
Winter.

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Calverley of Christ's

By CAMERON ROGERS

SIXTY years ago there was not a University man in England or the Colonies who had not heard of Calverley of Christ's. Charles Stuart Calverley of Harrow and of Balliol College at Oxford and later and more brilliantly, of Christ's College, Cambridge, combined and lent lustre to every human talent and quality though his achievements today are somewhat slenderly preserved. His memory, a frail but glittering pennon, flaunts delicately in unvulgar studies and libraries better instructed than most Amid the boomings of the great Victorian orchestra, the occasional grandeurs of Tennyson, and the semi-lucidities of Browning, the allegro of C. S. C. perseveres bravely but quite silently. The professionals make too much din for him. In two senses an amateur of letters, Calverley does not and prefers not to fill large auditoriums. But what brave music for a small company of friends.

Like the admirable Crichton, Calverley lacked no facets of excellence. He was not only a poet but a great scholar, the first classical scholar of his day. Besides these he was an athlete of parts, a man of physical strength and notable beauty. He was a wit, a *bon viveur,* a great gentleman. He somewhat resembled the magnificent Suckling save that he possessed none of the Cavalier vices and illimitably transcended Sir John as an intellect of breadth and cultivation. Latin, the nobleman considered, conjoined ill with the activities of troublous times but in Calverley's day there were no roundheads to be confounded. There were Dons to be made a genial mock of and certain rules to be broken but no blades. One recalls that lesser wits at Oxford in the 'fifties punned often and feloniously upon the word blades and Blayds for it was as Charles Stuart Blayds that C. S. C. made his Harrovian and Oxonian reputations. His family, Yorkshire stock of England from before the days of the Conquest, had borne since 1800 the latter name but they resumed their proper one in 1852 so that at Cambridge our Calverley was Calverley.

He was born in 1831 at Martley in Worcestershire and after, for a fleeting period, attending Marlborough College and being industriously tutored, he entered Harrow in 1846. Upon the Hill he is still remembered as a sort of unofficial divinity, a boy of steel with the head of a young Greek God unexpectedly intelligent. There was a mild aureate splendor about him when he walked or ran or sauntered. He was a Blood but not by virtue of athletic excellence or age or standing in the school. Calverley in swaddling clothes would still have been a Blood, a babe illumined by stra[illegible]s and candid breeding. Masters observed [illegible]ess officially with m[illegible]sured commendatio[illegible]ately with an admiration made a little timid [illegible]act of his extraordinary completeness as a human specimen. Young Blayds improvised Latin verses with a swift and cursive brilliance that awakened their appreciative astonishment but after all Cowley too had flowered classically when a mere urchin and his maturity had something partaken of aridity. But Cowley had been, traditionally, rather a top-heavy little scholar, all head and no muscle, a lad for the books alone, while Blayds alternated his intellectual exercises with feats of strength and agility that contemporary Harrovians considered with awe and applauded with passion. To their thrilled amazement, for instance, Blayds on issuing from class, strolling casually, hands in pockets, might suddenly take flight into the air and land seventeen feet away, down the school steps and nine feet below, where a second or two before he had been standing. Leaps such as this performed extempore bred the conviction in

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magisterial minds that young Blayds, unlike Antæus, drew physically as well as mentally no sustaining strength from the earth. Without doubt such a boy was destined for even higher flights. Upon another occasion he decided to jump over the wall that separated the school yard from the "milling ground." Word travelling abroad that Blayds intended to do this thing, he was followed by many worshipping schoolfellows who beheld him, hands as ever in pockets, soar suddenly over the wall, and after a meteoric descent of ten feet, land, hands still in pockets, squarely and conclusively upon the top of his head. Consternation, rife and awful, wiped the faces of the audience white as curd but it exploded in a loud yell when Blayds, calm and unscathed, arose, returned, and leaping again this time landed upon his two feet. The boy was thenceforward an immortal and from that time on throughout his career not a deed of audacity nor a phrase of wit drifted unassigned into England but what it was fathered upon him.

He went up from Harrow to Oxford a marked youth and most definitely, a youth of mark. He appeared like a comet in a sky already well stocked with luminaries and like a comet he soon attracted all eyes from previous scrutinies upon himself. A fresher, he occasioned at Balliol a commotion the joyful hysteria of which tinged the distinguished Master of that college, Doctor Jenkyns, with a reflective melancholy. Young Mr. Blayds seemed less an individual than a galloping contagion of scholarly achievement and mischievious intelligence. The Latin verses that won the Balliol Scholarship had been written off so rapidly, the Master had heard, that they were practically extempore, and yet in spite of this brilliance the scholar was addicted to tobacco. Dr. Jenkyns himself abominated tobacco. It was a filthy habit, filthy and injurious. In a way hardly respectable. Blayds, however, won the Chancellor's Prize in 1851 with Hexameters that dazzled the judges and when he was elected to a scholarship at Balliol presented himself before the Master "redolent," so the latter passionately objected, "even now of the weed."

Going forth some days later Blayds observed upon a wall convenient for such notices the following admonition, not uncleverly conceived:

O freshman, running fast to seed,
O scholar, redolent of weed,
This motto in thy meerschaum put,
The sharpest Blades are soonest cut.

A riposte was not difficult for one who as a sixth former at school had achieved epigrams considered not unworthy of Martial. Blayds, whistling gently, made his thrust and went upon his way.

Your wit is tolerable, but
The case you understand ill;
The Dons would like their Blayds to cut,
But cannot find a handle.

Dr. Jenkyns, somewhat put about, concentrated upon this business of finding a handle. He noted that though dogs were strictly forbidden at Balliol Mr. Blayds went constantly with a woolly oddity at heel. One day he stopped him and peering, exclaimed, "What! another dog, Mr. Blayds?" The dog confidently awaited vindication but its master with a renouncing gesture of the foot, betrayed it. "Well, master, they do tell me that some people think it is a squirrel." Doctor Jenkyns passed on, fussily bewildered. Of course there were dogs and dogs and it had been a long time since he had seen a squirrel, a very long time, but still—. He halted, but Mr. Blayds had melted serenely into the distance.

Oxford University became to him a lists upon the ancient clearway of which he seemed destined to unhorse a little host of pedagogic adversaries without ever sustaining the shock of counter-stroke. Legends began to envelop him in a cocoon of glamour. Men of his year wagered upon his sallies against the law of Don and Master and upon his successes or failures in the various scholarships for which he competed. Touching these last those who placed their money on Blayds invariably pocketed winnings. Blayds the Blood could always on occasion reassume the gown of Blayds the man of books, the finest classical scholar of the time. A band of devoted friends made it their matitudinal routine to repair to his room at a respectable hour to see that he did not sleep the hours away that should be cemented into a furtherance of his academic career. Blayds arose with loathing before ten. He preferred a later hour and stubbornly resisted all efforts to awaken him to scholastic duties. With much shouting, and jest intentionally loud, his self-appointed guardians would remove by force blankets and sheets while Blayds, eyes screwed tightly shut and face doggedly composed in the seraphic calm of sleep, would cling to each departing covering with frenzied insistence. With the rape of his pillow speech would at last burst from him, astonishing invective that spun and swooped and glittered in the room like those sparklers that on occasion little boys ignite and make use of. All in vain. The awakeners would depart, valedictions following after them like flaming streamers. An hour later they would fall to wondering what still delayed their friend. After two hours they would return. Blayds would be sleeping, blandly, deeply, his head just visible between the mattresses.

Nevertheless at the expected *viva voce*, he would arise when called upon and read from the blank pages of his notebook a Latin composition achieved upon the spot and on his feet while his late persecutors looked at one another in a wild amaze.

But inevitably the day came when Doctor Jenkyns and the Dons found their handle. Blayds went down in the early months of 1852, followed by the admiration and astonishment of the entire University. There was connected with his going no hint of disgrace. Oxford had merely proved bottling a trifle old for this new wine still in the tumult of fermentation. It reappeared in the fall of the year at Christ's College, Cambridge, this time labelled Calverley and of a body and a savour, if anything, more intoxicating than before.

* * *

At Cambridge the reputation of C. S. C. attained and held to its apogee. Throughout England scholars and men who were gentlemen merely, met and talked of him, told and retold his anecdotes and quoted the good things that he had said. They beheld in him the ultimate desirable amalgam, the scholar who was also a Blood and the Blood who possessed in his generation no equal for intellectual brilliance and attainment. The late Sir Walter Besant, a freshman at Christ's when Calverley was already a scholar, wrote a generation later of his extraordinary charm and the laurels that he wore so casually, a little over one eye, perhaps, like last year's hat.

He was, so noted the juvenile Besant, the only man who kept port and claret in his rooms. He possessed a piano and a tenor voice, strong and sweet and as infinitely grateful to the ear as a wind in high trees, murmurously in leaf. He would play from notes, from memory, from sudden inspiration, and arise to join his guests in a repast of oysters and milk-punch. He gave an examination paper on "Pickwick" that remains a masterpiece of wit and perception, and between times he won the Craven Scholarship, the Camden medal for Latin Hexameters, a distinction which he twice achieved, Browne's medal for the Greek Ode, and the Mentor's Prize for Latin Prose. And what verse he wrote in Latin or Greek or English. "Fly-leaves," published in the late 'fifties, placed London, mentally, in an interesting condition the product of which was the conviction that notwithstanding the stout company of Regency wits, there was arisen in this latter day one who could confound them all. Individuals of the time of Castlereagh and Canning who, like Doctor Jenkyns, favored Rappee but exclaimed against the use of the leaf save by nasal injection, paused and reconsidered and were merry with themselves when they read his declaration of allegiance.

As for the younger men, C. S. C. was the brand with which they hewed away those same annoyingly prevalent myths that the University wits of the day were but poor stuff compared to Mr. Rogers and the humorously minded Mr. Hook. Their sires over the wine might no longer maliciously recall the edged glitter of Lord Alvanley's small talk or the polished word play of Fox and Sheridan. Behind Calverley in a solid phalanx, confident and loyal, marched his own generation. Certain less reverently minded of them pointed out that if Milton had written "Beer," a poem stanzaically strongly reminiscent of that former distinguished member of Christ's, he would be a more popular though possibly less classically deified poet.

O Beer! O Hodgson, Guinness, Allsopp, Bass!
Names that should be on every infant's tongue!
Shall days and months and years and centuries pass,
And still your merits be unrecked, unsung?
Oh! I have gazed into my foaming glass,
And wished that lyre could yet again be strung
Which once rang prophet-like through Greece and taught her
Misguided sons that the best drink was water.

Noble stuff around which the tongues of England might and did roll with a rich gustation. And what fun it all was for C. S. C. But it was no new sensation, this, of being admired and applauded. Harrow and Oxford had bitten it into him and he preserved within him no seeds of conceit or of a self-confidence that might inordinately flourish. The whimsical humility that had impelled him to place beneath his name upon the Hexameters that had won the Chancellor's Prize the words "prope ejectus" was in itself the genuine index of his character.

* * *

His extraordinary prestige as an athlete, a somewhat eccentric one, was delightedly cherished not only by the University but by the townspeople. To observe Mr. Calverley emerge from his rooms, appropriately gowned, and leap suddenly over the back of the pony slumbering between the shafts of the baker's cart, was an event which even today serves as foundation for mellow reminiscence. "Like a ruddy great bird, 'is gown flappin' like wings."

The Dons preserved towards him an attitude justly commingled of admiration and apprehension, affection and respect. He had been sent down, they knew, from Oxford for a lampoon against the authorities and he possessed the reputation for subtle japes irreproachably perpetuated but further than this they knew nothing. It was true that he had appeared for chapel in his scholar's vestures, clipping between his fine teeth a huge and clamorous briar and when reproved for this unseemly adjunct to his cap and gown, had subsequently attended in flannels and a blazer and the same briar, sulphurically active, but there was after all nothing iniquitous about that. The man who could gain the Craven in his second year might safely be allowed some latitude. When Calverley took his degree and became a fellow of his college, he successfully combined into one solid lever of fortune, the numbers of his admirers. Undergraduates and graduates and faculty went abroad with his name upon their tongues, consonant in their loyalty and praise. And then a fate infinitely more cruel than that of any Lycidas, struck privily at this too perfect son of fortune.

Calverley in 1862 published "Verses and Translations" and stirred England once more into congratulatory thunderings. Three years later he was admitted to the bar and, upon his marriage, vacated his fellowship. In 1866 he sustained while skating, an accident, a blow on the head, that forced him for the remainder of his lifetime to live in extreme quiet and seclusion upon his estates. He died on the 17th of February, 1884.

* * *

Possibly a bravura of such notable brilliance and so resonate a capacity has never before run so quickly away into diminuendo as did this one, the career of the first wit and scholar of his time. He never ceased to write graceful verses in Latin and Greek and in English poems that have yet to be equalled or even approached for a certain golden kindliness and humor, but the great achievements of which his mind was capable were by a grotesque mischance denied him. He might well have, in a poem of a more bitter content and less flawless scansion substituted for "Memory" the word "Life" and for "joke" the word "future," when he wrote:

O Memory! that which I gave thee
To guard in thy garner yestreen—
Little deeming thou e'er could'st behave thee
Thus basely—hath gone from thee clean!
Gone, fled, as ere autumn is ended
The yellow leaves flee from the oak—
I have lost for ever, my splendid
Original joke.

Poor Calverley. And yet it were an offense to pity him those more notable laurels which he deserved and might have secured. He lived and died beloved as was no man of his generation and among a few his name will always bear the connotation, grown something rare, of a genuine and gallant charm. Calverley of Christ's! In their fashions he might have transcended a Chandos or a Bayard, a Pico or an Abelard, for he combined the singular and unmalleable virtues of each type, the athletic and the scholarly. But as his friends remembered he was above all these things a debonnair and courteous gentleman whom they, what is left of them, would recall in that fashion so featly described by one of his own translations:

Hunc dedicamus lætitæ diem
Lyræque musisque. Illius, illius
Da, quicquid audit: nec silehunt
Qui numeri placuere vivo.

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A Colossal Charlatan

P.A.L. By FELIX RIESENBERG. New York: [illegible]
M. McBride & Co. 1925. $2.

Reviewed by CHESTER T. CROWELL

THERE is a certain type of man who comes across the field of American business shedding glad tidings, announcing visions of great wealth for everybody, proclaiming new inventions, and altogether having a whale of a good time in spite of the fact that he leaves in his wake an appalling amount of wreckage. In my own contacts with business I have met this fellow from coast to coast and from Texas to New York City. He is nearly always prosperous; and invariably due to reap millions within a very few weeks. However, I have never seen him reap the millions. What he does, time after time, is lose what I would consider a very comfortable fortune, endeavoring to make what he considers a competence. The truth about this fellow is that if he had a billion dollars he would risk it just as gaily as he gambles with his last thousand, endeavoring to earn a modest dividend of ten thousand per cent on his capital. Stupid people are taken in by his methods with such ease that I believe it would be a waste of time to attempt saving them. He has the same effect upon the multitude that a rattlesnake has upon a cottontail rabbit. The rabbit squeals but it is hypnotized and inevitably surrenders. The performance of the snake is dictated by its nature and not by its will. I think the same statement may apply to the type of man I am discussing. I do not call him a business man because he is not a business man; he is part of the lunatic fringe of business; and a very dangerous lunatic he is.

Felix Riesenberg has described this man and his activities in his "P.A.L." This odd title is compounded of the three initials of his chief character whose name is P.A.L. Tangerman. The selection of that name was a stroke of genius for these meteoric characters always have some kind of a trick name that forces you to address them as intimate friends. Thus P.A.L. Tangerman becomes "Pal" to his business associates. Trust him to see to that little detail!

Among the things that Pal promotes are the following: an electric belt to improve the health, a mechanical device to restore the covering for bald heads, a new brand of cigars, a new brand of cigarettes, and a new brand of chocolate candy, a medicine for the glands, several magazines, an advertising agency, an educational institution, and a gold mine of such proportions that if Tangerman had not been mistaken about it gold would be cheaper than pig iron. If it has been your good fortune never to meet Mr. Tangerman, or I should say dear old Pal, you will object that this dizzy array of enterprises is incredible. Well, you lose. Give Pal time and he will double the list. Every one of these promotions fails but Pal marches on triumphantly toward his rainbow with never the shadow of a regret for the damage he has done. When he is rolling in wealth no thought of restitution overtakes him; partly because he always intends at some hazy date in the future to found a great institution that will be a blessing to millions of people. Pal can never save less than a million people at a stroke; therefore to deal decently with ten or twelve is beneath his grandiose conception of himself. He remains in his own estimation a benefactor of the human race, a model of integrity, industry, and generosity, no matter what he does to the poor human race from day to day. Captain Riesenberg has drawn a remarkably accurate picture of this interesting charlatan and his book is very readable. Its literary value is not great but as a document it deserves high praise. For artistic purposes Pal Tangerman is a difficult character in that he does the same thing over and over again. The history of his hair restoring device is almost precisely the history of his magazines. A novel about him, therefore, does not rise toward a satisfactory dramatic climax. Riesenberg probably knew that, however, when he tackled the job and decided to sacrifice something of the art of novel writing to presentation of very interesting facts. His intimate knowledge of the activities of Tangerman may have warped his judgment of business to some extent for I find him, at times, insinuating that Tangerman is the personification of a very large element in business. I doubt that. Enduring and sound success in [illegible] business still rests upon the time-proved [illegible] that honesty is the best policy. This is [illegible] from Wall Street to the humblest horse trading [illegible] on the Mexican border. But Tangerman, [illegible] one weird twist, is permitted to operate in both [illegible]. P.A.L. to be read with profit should be [illegible]ped as a character study of a certain type of man; a type that is just as interesting as J. Rufus Wallingford or any of the other colossal charlatans. Without producing a great novel or even doing anything notable as a writer Mr. Riesenberg has turned out a book that I think nearly anyone would read with pleasure. It is a document well worth the honest toil and keen thought so lavishly invested in it by the author.

Morand's Nights

CLOSED ALL NIGHT. By PAUL MORAND. New York: Thomas Seltzer. 1925. $2.

Reviewed by EDWARD DAVISON

THIS book, the companion volume to "Open All Night," recently won the French Prix de la Renaissance. The author's previous works had already gained for him a considerable European reputation and the award appears to have created less dissent than is usual on such occasions. If one may be allowed the mixed metaphor, the champagne-like quality of Paul Morand's wit and humor is likely to be caviare to the general. Those who noticed its brilliance and sparkle, its aciduous tang in "Green Shoots" and "Open All Night" will hasten to enjoy the later book. Morand invites comparison with Oscar Wilde and "Saki" (in his own rare realm of letters one of the inheritors of unfulfilled renown). Unlike his predecessors, however,

Queen Elizabeth. From an Engraving by Thomas Gemimus, 1559.
From "The English Madrigal," by Edmund H. Fellowes (Oxford University Press).

Morand is not always merely witty for the sake of wit. His world, when we strip it of its high, fantastic colors is considerably less artificial than theirs. Beneath the bright, hard surface of his mind we may discover something of a tender and generous understanding of humanity, its foibles and aims, such an understanding as Wilde and "Saki" did not know. In short, Morand's satire is not of the same superficial quality as theirs. It is something more than naked wit; it has a philosophic quality outstripping mere paradoxical badinage and persiflage. And yet Morand, though he has direction, appears to lack purpose. He is a philosopher without a philosophy. Most of the fine common sense which flows like an undercurrent against the hurrying stream of his satirical gaiety serves no constructive purpose. Wit rather than meaning is still the most outstanding element of his work. The old Voltairean chill still creeps into its atmosphere, but there is no compensating moment when Morand feels it necessary for man to cultivate his garden. Possibly the comparison takes our author too seriously. But in "Closed All Night" there are hints of a mind capable of deeper purposes than it has yet expressed, suggestions of an equipment which might be used to fine purpose beyond the bounds of mere amusement and gaiety.

Morand conjures with ideas, not for love of the ideas so much as love for the conjuring. He is indirect, preferring implication to his plain statement. He pins down his thoughts in crooked juxtaposition and leaves it to his subtlest readers to straighten things out. How shrewd he can be appears in one of the most audacious passages in the new book.

"But you, have you slept well, young gentleman?
Slept. . . . 'that innocent sleep,
Sleep that knits up the ravelled sleave of care.'
as Shakespeare says in those immortal Sonnets which are the Internationale of the bitter proletariat of pederasts?"
"It was Macbeth," I answered.

As before there is little than can be called a "story" in any of the four "nights" of the new book. We are carried through Cosmopolis on the same magic carpet that visited the world's capitals in "Open All Night." There are the same kind of fantastic people and odd places, the same lights and shades of life as before, whether he takes us to Charlottenburg or Venice, New York or Putney. Morand is unquestionably a citizen of the world and he needs a sophisticated reader to appreciate his swift changes of mood and place. Even his casual descriptive sentences are loaded with keen wit of thought or phrasing. Dublin in the time of its recent riots, he says, was "peopled only by explosions." And his aphorisms nearly always come home to our business and bosoms. "Women, especially very young women, have such a curious habit of attaching themselves to what is successful, never to what will be successful." Not a page of his book but has something as good as this. It is not difficult to understand why Marcel Proust thought so highly of Paul Morand.

The Vanishing Past

JERICHO SANDS. By MARY BORDEN. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

Reviewed by ELMER DAVIS

MISS BORDEN is so eager to be fair to her customers that she ties a millstone around the neck of her story. It is told in the first person by that familiar *raconteur*, the old friend of the family; and he begins with a tabloid summary which packs the whole thing into twenty-eight pages—what the story is going to be about, who the people are, what they will do and why they will do it. Readers who want to go over it again in detail can never say the author didn't warn them; especially as the narrator observes on page 22, "It is going to be a long and tedious business." This candor leaves the reviewer little to say.

Perhaps, however, it was not candor but confidence; for the narrator predicts that "this will be dubbed a love story of the first order." Possibly such thundering in the index prejudices the reader; this one, at least was unable to see anything out of the ordinary in the triangle tale of Cranbourne, Viscount Willing, Priscilla, Lady Birch, and the Rev. Sir Simon Birch, her husband, except that all members of the cast belong to the British aristocracy, which is not so much in favor as a recruiting ground for fiction characters as it was thirty years ago. Indeed the whole book has a curiously archaic character; it is a tale of the English countryside and the English code, the code of public schools and county families—a story, in other words, of the vanishing past. Everybody in it is a lord or a servant, or a member of one of those old county families that are nobler than the nobility; it is the England, at least the literature-about-England, of the golden Jubilee; Lord Willing lost his leg in France but it would have occasioned no surprise to hear that he had lost it at Maiwand or Majuba.

Indeed it is the sort of book about England which has been most often written by Americans, at least until the last year or two when the passing of the old English country life inspired various English writers to bid it a wistful hail and farewell; it is in the direct tradition of "Bracebridge Hall" and the forgotten first novel of James Fenimore Cooper. Miss Borden's alien admiration of the English code would never admit the suspicion that a score of twentieth century English novelists have echoed Somerset Maugham's observation that Magersfontein and Spion Kop were lost on the playing fields of Eton and Harrow.

None the less there is much to be said for the code; recent English novelists have turned against it only because arguments for it had ceased to be news, except to Americans. There is also much to be said for English country life, and Miss Borden's account of it, if perhaps a little too admiring, is the best feature of the book. Another merit is the *reductio ad*

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absurdum of the doctrines of the Church of England, which the Rev. Sir Simon tries to exemplify in literal detail—and Simon, pretty obviously, is insane. About half the book is an excerpt from Simon's own narrative, which is apt to be interesting chiefly to theologians and alienists. Yet Miss Borden deserves credit for presenting the ravings of a maniac as the ravings of a maniac, and not the spiritual autobiography of a young intellectual.

Robinson Jeffers's Poetry

ROAN STALLION, TAMAR AND OTHER POEMS. By ROBINSON JEFFERS. New York: Boni & Liveright. 1925. $3.00.

Reviewed by EDWIN SEAVER

THE appearance last Spring of "Tamar And Other Poems" announced an utterly new and vigorous voice in contemporary American poetry. Suddenly, out of obscurity, almost—one felt convinced—by divine right, Robinson Jeffers declared himself in the thin ranks of our major poets. It was as if America, having done with broken and muddled songs, with intellectualized escape and the wistful lyricism of children among machines, had conceived out of her instant need a poet lofty and rugged and imperturbable as the granite and cypresses among which he lived.

No one who had the opportunity to read Jeffers's first offering, privately published and launched unpretentiously into an indifferent *milieu*, no one, I think, can forget the thrill of discovery that heightened as page after page of "Tamar" revealed an overwhelmingly poetic imagination, a firm grasp of dramatic values, a profound seriousness, and a fecundity that danced at white heat through his "mighty line." It was an experience not soon to be forgotten. And this, not only because of the amazing poetry, but because here was the rare poet come among us who neither accepted nor rejected his America, but faced it for exactly what it was worth to him and used it as material for a more important end, for his visioned song.

Primitive—that was the word that best fitted Robinson Jeffers, as one who conceived form not as a mold into which the fluid substance is poured and from which it takes shape, but as that which *informs* the substance, which identifies it and makes it choate. Form as spirit, form as imagination, form as life force. By this mark the poems of Robinson Jeffers published last Spring announced their creator a true primitive.

To these poems have been added a new dramatic poem, "Roan Stallion," and more lyrics, the sum heightening the totality of confidence we felt unshaken after several readings of the earlier volume. Serener than "Tamar," more definite in line and more economical in conception, "Roan Stallion" is a magnificent achievement. Only once does Jeffers depart from the intense objectivity of his narrative, and then it is to leap into a characteristically frenzied and dancing strophe:

> Humanity is the
> start of the race; I say
> Humanity is the mold to break away from, the crust to break through, the coal to break into fire,
> The atom to be split.
> Tragedy that breaks man's face and a white fire flies out of it; vision that fools him
> Out of his limits, desire that fools him out of his limits, unnatural crime, inhuman science,
> Slit eyes in the mask; wild loves that leap over the walls of nature, the wild fence-vaulter science,
> Useless intelligence of far stars, dim knowledge of the spinning demon that makes an atom,
> These break, these pierce, these deify, praising their God shrilly with fierce voices: not in man's shape
> He approves the praise, he that walks lightning-naked on the Pacific, that laces the suns with planets,
> The heart of the atom with electrons: what is humanity in this cosmos? For him, the last
> Least taint of a trace in the dregs of solution; for itself the mold to break away from, the coal
> To break into fire, the atom to be split.

This is the burden of all of Jeffers's song, over against "coldness and the tenor of a stone tranquility; slow life, the growth of trees and verse." This, and the knowledge that

> all the arts lose virtue
> Against the essential reality
> Of creatures going about their business among the equally
> Earnest elements of nature.

It is obvious from these and other lines that Robinson Jeffers is one of Walt Whitman's "poets to come" whom the earlier primitive hailed on the horizon, "expecting the main things" from them. But whereas Whitman sang of an advancing republic rejoicing in its youth, Jeffers faces a "perishing republic" from the heights of a tougher reality.

Evaluating the Moderns

AMERICAN AND BRITISH LITERATURE SINCE 1890. By CARL VAN DOREN AND MARK VAN DOREN. New York: The Century Company. 1925. $2.50.

Reviewed by JOHN W. CUNLIFFE

Columbia University

THE authors of this book, both of them experienced university teachers whose more recent activities are mainly editorial, begin with the modest avowal that it is "intended primarily for the use of schools", but in this instance the "blurb" comes nearer the truth: it is "an attempt to evaluate contemporary American and British literature," and offers "the general reader a guide to the best recent books in English." The authors no doubt had a school book in view when they wrote the first line of the introduction, but by the time they drew up the "Suggestions for Study", which come at the end of the volume and recommend a list of reading in English fiction closing with D. H. Lawrence's "Sons and Lovers" and Aldous Huxley's "Antic Hay", the general reader had obviously crowded the High School pupil out of the writers' consciousness. To stimulate the interest of the general reader in "Jurgen" and "Ulysses" is a very different matter from inciting school teachers to discuss these works in class or encouraging youngsters still in their teens to read them in private; it might be well for the authors to revise their opening sentence to run that the volume is "*not* intended for the use of schools."

It is obvious that the book is not meant for the serious student any more than it is intended for schoolgirls; even the bibliographies have very few dates and the biographical sketches usually give birth dates only. What the authors have really attempted (and, it may be said at once, have successfully accomplished) is a popular exposition of the main tendencies in American, British, and Irish Literature since 1890, with subdivisions within these three sections into poetry, fiction, drama, and essay, and brief notices (usually of a page or two) of the leading authors in each subdivision.

An analysis of the American Literature section (which is much the best) will give a fair idea of how the work has been done. The earlier poets chosen for notice are Whitcomb Riley, Santayana, Emily Dickinson, and Edwin Arlington Robinson, but it is evident that the real interest of this chapter (both for writer and reader) lies in the criticism of the New Movement which began in 1912. Brief appreciations of Frost, Vachel Lindsay, Masters, and Sandburg lead up to an appraisal of Imagism and Amy Lowell. The summing up of Miss Lowell's services to American poetry may be noted as an instance of the careful judgment and skill of phrase that have gone into the making of what claims to be only a popular handbook.

In the second chapter American fiction is discussed in much the same fashion. The chapter on drama, perhaps owing to limitations of space, is less adequate, and the same scant measure is given to the essayists. John Muir, E. W. Howe, Henry Adams, and Santayana are the earlier writers noted; and then (once more one remarks a rising note of enthusiasm) comes the Welcome to the Younger Generation:—

> The war, with its terrific disorder, served to discredit, in part unjustly, these who were in power. No one, even boys and girls perceived, could have done worse. Consequently they had a better excuse than ever for demanding that they be allowed a larger freedom. Perhaps they did not so much take this freedom as talk about it. The difference was considerably a difference in candor. At any rate, youth found a voice such as it had never had in the United States before. Rebellion began to be regarded not as wild oats but as heroism. Moreover, it was rationalized by persons of notable intelligence. In this the younger writers took the lead. There had actually been an interregnum in the national literature, presided over by remote or mediocre or timid spirits who all of a sudden seemed hopelessly ineffectual. No wonder they were jostled aside by the more brilliant and outspoken poets and novelists and dramatists and essayists who succeeded them. These elders, and certain younger men and women who tend to side with them, have during the past dozen years or so been somewhat overlooked, in a measure because they have been so busy answering and censuring the Younger Generation that they have failed to furnish independent statements of their own position.

In accordance with this conclusion the rest of the chapter is given to Randolph Bourne, H. L. Mencken, and George J. Nathan. One cannot suppose that Brander Matthews, Paul Elmer More, Agnes Repplier, Stuart P. Sherman, and Christopher Morley—not to mention other names which might come to mind—were forgotten; they are deliberately dismissed to oblivion without a word. In a book of this kind considerable allowance must be made for personal judgment and even idiosyncracy; but the general reader has a right to a warning when he is getting, not a critical, but a partisan estimate.

* * *

More space is given to English Literature than to American, but this section is, both as a whole, and in detail, not so satisfactory as the first. Ten pages are allotted to Rudyard Kipling—which is surely out of proportion to the scale, either of the book or of this particular section of it; at this day, the authors have not the excuse that Kipling's work stands in need of introduction or exposition to the American public. The description of W. H Davies as "the best of the Georgians" is more than doubtful. Less than justice is done to Walter de la Mare, and William Wilfrid Gibson gets no mention. In the discussion of Rupert Brooke, attention is concentrated on the war sonnets, which are the least characteristic, though the most popular, part of his work. The satirical, iconoclastic treatment of traditional themes and melodies, which this volume describes as beginning in 1916 with "Wheels" and Aldous Huxley, derives from the earlier poetry of Rupert Brooke.

There is the same lack of sureness of footing and adequacy of treatment in the chapter on English fiction. Instead of the swift summaries of achievement so successfully undertaken in the first part, an attempt is made to discuss in some detail the principal works of the English novelists, and as these are much more voluminous than recent American novels, it is not surprising that the result is sometimes confusion.

Altogether one cannot escape the conclusion that the authors would have given us a better and more useful book if they had resisted the temptation to get as much as they could into one package, and had contented themselves with a popular exposition of recent tendencies in American literature, which is Professor Carl Van Doren's special field. If he had studied English Victorian literature as much as he has studied recent American literature, he would not have countenanced such conventional generalizations as "the somewhat hypocritical temper of the Victorian mind," and such inadequate characterizations as that of General Gordon—"a famous fighter in the wilds of Africa." The general reader demands brevity and abhors the apparatus of scholarship, but he has a right to expect that the views presented to him are not only fair but thoroughly informed. In the contemporary field, in which we have not the advantage of the opinion of posterity, there is the more need for careful study and balanced judgment. The general reader who uses this volume as a guide will do well to make allowance for the authors' point of view, which, it is fair to say, there is no attempt to conceal. Subject to the qualifications indicated, the book may be recommended as helpful and stimulating. Even those who would prefer a more catholic outlook will agree that it contains much craftsmanlike criticism and much excellent writing; it is eminently a readable book.

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A Practical View of China

WHY CHINA SEES RED. By Putnam Weale. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1925. $5.

Reviewed by Charles C. Baxheimer

THIS book is a welcome contrast to the mass of sentimental literature on China which treats the complicated Chinese problems from purely emotional points of view, with utter disregard of the practical side. The author apparently believes that the real friends of China are those who tell the truth about the present situation, not those who try to curry favor with the Chinese by misrepresenting facts which are well known to all who have lived in China. In many of his statements, he either quotes from official documents, or paraphrases them, and by doing this completely demolishes the claim, so generally made, that the existing treaties were imposed unjustly on China by force or fraud by the imperialistic Western nations. In fact, the so-called "unequal treaties" were regarded at the time they were made as proclaiming equality between China and foreign nations, and extra-territoriality was granted as the only visible solution of the problems which inevitably arise when men of widely differing civilizations are brought closely and continuously into contact.

Mr. Weale is most refreshingly frank in admitting that the problems of China are largely commercial, and sums up the situation by saying:

> The most powerful of all bonds, the cash nexus, had begun to unite Chinese and foreigners in numberless ways which they were powerless to dissolve. The failure of the Boxer outbreak as a national movement is due to this one fact alone, since no man will willingly sacrifice his material interests for an ideal which, to be attained, demands not only the total destruction of those interests, but the surrender of his future.

He fails, however, throughout the book to realize that this statement may no longer be true, and that the Chinese anti-foreign, nationalistic movement may be making an emotional appeal strong enough to cause even the conservative wealthy and commercial classes to disregard their obvious material interests for the sake of an ideal.

* * *

The brief, historical review, and the treatment of the internal problems, such as the military rulers, called "tuchuns," Bolshevism, the student movement, the Chinese press, the riots this summer in Shanghai and other places, and the existing civil wars show not only an accurate knowledge of the facts, but a real insight into the underlying causes, and an ability to interpret the points of view of different elements, such as might be expected from the author's long residence in China, and his opportunities as one of the "advisers" to the Chinese Government. His anti-Japanese prejudices, however, lead him at times to draw inferences which are not warranted by the real facts, and opinions differ regarding Bolshevist activities.

The criticisms of American policies in China, while caustic and extremely hostile, are worth careful consideration, as there are many who think that continuous failure has attended the American plan of treating China as an equal, civilized state, whose sovereignty and integrity must not only be respected and preserved, but which must be assisted to remove all limitations and infringements on that sovereignty. This is also the policy of the students and radicals today, and is strongly supported by many missionaries and by altruists in the United States.

The policies which are recommended by Mr. Weale to meet the existing emergencies are simply incomprehensible in a man of his great experience, and a reader who is not thoroughly informed about Chinese affairs is apt to be misled into accepting his opinions, by his accurate knowledge of events in China and his frequent reference to documents and other authorities. It is almost universally admitted that international, military intervention on a large scale in China is impossible, not only on account of the violent resistance of the Chinese armies and people, but because it would not be supported by public opinion in America or England, and still more, because the taxpayers of Europe would refuse to bear the financial burdens of doubtful adventures in China. Mr. Weale apparently does not realize that we are not dealing with the Chinese of a century ago, but with the young Chinese permeated with Occidental education, and with a people united by what they deem foreign oppression. He makes this fact so clear that it is astonishing that he does not draw the inevitable conclusions.

The attacks upon the policies of American business men and on the International Bankers' Consortium show a want of understanding surprising in an advocate of *real politik*, and of a practical, business management of governmental action in China. He ignores the fact that American business men engage in commerce abroad to make profits and not to extend that intangible and vague "imponderable," American prestige. He also forgets that reputable bankers do not invest the money of their clients in railways or government loans in countries torn by civil war, and without credit at home or abroad, unless specific security is given. Some of his statements are unfounded, such as "in spite of an international prohibition on any loans except those made by an official group, hundreds of millions of dollars have been advanced mainly in the form of American railway equipment." No such American loans have been made since Mr. Lamont's visit to China in 1920, as the representative of the Consortium, and the highest estimate of the debts to Americans, mostly for sales of equipment and other supplies and services to the Chinese Government, does not exceed $30,000,000.

It is to be regretted that Mr. Weale does not make it more clear that much of the unrest is due to "a rise in prices unparalleled except in times of war" and to the competition of foreign shipping and manufacturers of all kinds with those of China, unprotected by a tariff, limited by treaty to 5 percent. "The struggle for existence may know no other law than the survival of the fittest: but before the unfit go under and the waters of fate close over their heads, there is a mighty clamor," is an epigrammatic statement of the reason for the demands being made at the Customs Conference in Pekin for the right to impose a customs tariff rising to 80 percent on luxuries and to tax all foreign business men, even in the foreign settlements.

A Pioneer of Socialism

ROBERT OWEN. By G. D. H. Cole. Boston: Little, Brown & Company. 1925. $4.

Reviewed by Lewis Rockow

Syracuse University

THIS volume is of interest to us for several reasons. Owen is undoubtedly one of the seminal minds of the past century. He was, as Leslie Stephen remarked, "one of the intolerable bores who are the salt of the earth." He was "a man of one idea," but the idea was salient. Viewed from the broad perspective of a century of development, Owen indeed was the founder of the Socialist movement in England, although not the originator of its philosophy. His present biographer, G. D. H. Cole, is still young in years, but he has already achieved an enviable position among writers on social theory. We cannot deny him a place among the six outstanding writers in that field in England. He is the most eminent representative of the Guild-Socialist movement. Thus, the long and illustrious line of modern English Socialists begins with Owen and perhaps concludes up to the present with Cole. This rare combination in a book compels our attention.

Robert Owen, as his present biographer reveals, lived an eventful life. He was born in 1771 and reached the ripe age of eighty-seven years. His long life spanned the period which marked the ascendancy of the middle class and the emergence of the wage-earners as an economic and political force. At ten years of age, after a decided religious bent in his early childhood, Owen went to London to seek his fortune. He was not disappointed, for at twenty-nine he became the head of the large cotton mills at New Lanark. Now, however, he began to use his opportunities not for the purpose of acquisition, but for the purpose of social experiments. His basic belief, which he enunciated again and again by speech and pen, was that environment creates man. He therefore took it upon himself to create for those dependent upon him such a congenial environment that would produce happy men and women. To this end also he fathered the factory act of 1819, the first effective step in factory legislation. Owen was at this stage not a socialist revolutionary, but a capitalist reformer, aiming at proving that the accepted faith to buy cheap and sell dear is not incompatible with benevolence. The solid portion of society saw no danger in his harmless ventures. Some went even further and lionized "Mr. Owen the Philanthropist."

Owen, however, did not remain long the mere reformer. The change was gradual. The end of the Napoleonic wars brought on an acute problem of unemployment. As a cure, Owen suggested the establishment for the unemployed of "Villages of Coöperation," erected either by public authorities or private organizations. These villages were to be self-contained communistic units based mainly on agriculture with manufacturing as an appendage. These communities, he thought, would by their own irresistible example peacefully reconstruct the whole social order. His plan aroused only a wavering support, and even this was mainly withheld when he began his attack on established religions. It was now apparent to most of his supporters that he aimed at nothing else than the subversion of the existing arrangements in religion and property. From this time on his chief supporters were the workers. Owen himself now turned prophet, preaching in an Apocalyptic vein socialism and coöperation as a cure not only for unemployment but for all human ills, and prophets are not easily thwarted. He went to America to experiment and at New Harmony established a shortlived coöperative community.

When Owen returned to England in 1829 the working classes were already becoming conscious both of their misery and of their power. The Owenite religion of coöperation had already obtained wide support among the wage-earners, for it seemed to promise an escape from the misery of competitive industrialism. Thus the erstwhile capitalist philanthropist became in 1830-34 the recognized leader of the proletarian masses. It is he who inspired the National Equitable Labor Exchange, the Grand National Guild of Builders, and the Grand National Consolidated Trades Union, organized to usher in the socialist state by means of the general strike and coöperative marketing and production. The modern British labor movement was thus founded. A host of other Owenite societies testified to Owen's influence. This new effort, however, was short-lived. The trade unions were easily broken by the employers. The coöperative movement took in 1844 a definite turn towards merely consumers' coöperation in the hands of the "Rochdale Pioneers." Owen himself now devoted his energies to a purely moral crusade on behalf of his doctrine. Another attempt to found a model coöperative community of Harmony Hall, or Queenwood, ended in failure in 1846. Still later the Owenite societies became merely rationalist and anti-clerical associations. Owen died in 1858, but his work for factory reform, coöperation, and socialism was already done a score of years before. It is this chronicle of the life of an arresting mind that Mr. Cole's book offers.

This is not the place to analyze Owenism, yet its central thesis cannot be neglected. "Man's character," Owen repeatedly said, "is made for him and not by him." Society collectively is the product of training and environment. By a change in the environment and in the method of education man can be made to realize the inherent superiority of the coöperative society and socialism thus made workable. Owen's assumption undoubtedly contains a large element of truth. Human nature is malleable and elastic, not static or constant. If man creates the environment, the environment creates also man. The doctrine that "human nature is always what it is" is bad philosophy and worse science. Where Owen seems to have erred is to have exaggerated the truth. He expected an instant and immediate perfectibility of the human character. He was thus, as his biographer remarks, not enunciating a falsehood, but exaggerating a truth. Yet a realization of this fact does not lessen our apprehension of the seriousness of his error, for dangerous doctrines are not those that are totally erroneous, but those that do contain an element of worth. It is "just anger that makes men unjust." Owen apparently conceived human nature as a block of wood to be manipulated by fiat, and because he assumed this the failure of his more pretentious proposals was inevitable. The complexity that forms the human personality rests on a precarious equipoise. To readjust it requires nice balancing. Any appreciable modification of the human character and hence of social institutions necessitates unfortunately a long and painful process.

Yet Owen was a major prophet, and to Mr. Cole we are indebted for a keen, lucid, and sympathetic account of his life. His book is never dull, for Mr. Cole is an Oxford man and at Oxford dulness is regarded an unpardonable sin. He rightly emphasizes the constant correlation between Owen and his age, for the work of Owen is in a large measure the reflection of some of the wider currents of his time. There is, to be sure, a necessary coincidence

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between the rise of modern socialism in England and the advent of the Industrial Revolution. Mr. Cole, however, does not fully stress the place of Owen in the history of socialism. He does recognize the importance of Owen. Thus he says: "But in the realm of ideas he (Owen) was immensely the greatest figure in the early development of British socialism, and, I think, in the whole of British socialist history." Yet Mr. Cole does not offer a comprehensive analysis of the rôle of Owen in the evolution of socialism. This is a serious ommission for only in the perspective of the development of socialism is Owen most significant. Yet, as a general review of the life of Owen the book will undoubtedly make the subject falimliar to a wider circle than it ever was before.

From the Pulpit

BEST SERMONS, 1925. Edited by JOSEPH FORT NEWTON. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1925. $2.50.

Reviewed by H. AYDE PRICHARD
St. Mark's Church, Mt. Kisco

PREACHING, like every other art, must mirror the mood of the age to which it ministers. Otherwise its meaning is confounded by misunderstanding and misrepresentation. So the sermons included in this volume, as the editor remarks in his preface, are the voice of the modern pulpit, preaching, we may suppose, that which is useful and acceptable to the generation that is immediately concerned. In these sermons we find reflected the spirit of the times—the old message, that has changed its vesture through so many centuries, garbed in the robe that is becoming in the eyes of 1925.

And what impression does it leave? It would be too sweeping a statement to suggest that these sermons, insofar as they are the voice of Christian pulpits, remind the reader somewhat of the play of "Hamlet" without the Prince of Denmark; but it is sadly evident that the modern generation likes its Christianity as far as possible unconfused with any emphasis on the mystic's passion for Christ. The preaching is eminently moral, and preëminently
y of the value of hope and
ssive values of life; but it
e "the Sabbath rest by Gali-
lee, the assurance of faithfulness and love, and the splendor of the peace that passes all understanding, which, perhaps, the next generation will cling to as the greatest contribution of Jesus to the happy salvation of the world.

* * *

Christianity is, after all, not a scheme of spiritual efficiency. It is more essentially a dream of young fancy that paints before those who are child-like in spirit a world of impossible wonderland, and then gives the waking touch that shows that its vision has become true. But we, perhaps, like Gallio, care for none of these things, and pin our faith to a Kingdom of God that comes by observation, despite the Master's word that it lies within. How can the case be otherwise when the market is deluged with books that treat the humanity of Christ, and, implicitly of Christianity, as the most vital part about Him; and introduce Him to us at dinner and on the street, in conversation and repose, with the same gusto that would be used in popularizing Mohammed? God is good—and these sermons treat exhaustively of God, in churches, in science, in conduct—but God is cold. The warmth that religion must have is the warmth of personality. But where is Christ?

Granted this one defect—and many would interject that that were too harsh a word—the volume makes stimulating and suggestive reading. Glenn Frank, remembered by so many as the talented editor of the *Century Magazine,* gives an admirable and constructive analysis of the disintegration of Protestantism from the layman's point of view; Rabbi Joel Blau, in a sermon of great power, describes the pathos and passion and prophecy of the modern yearning for spiritual reality; and Bishop Slattery writes as happily as ever of the confidence and faith of the believer's expectation. Others have much to give—and give it well.

From age to age the Word, which was in the beginning with God, goes on its triumphant course. And, as it goes, it casts its beams upon countless moods and hours—passions and generations—of men. It is natural that each should take the light that seems most brilliant. We live today in an era of material accomplishment and success. Our Religion is, of necessity, cast somewhat in that form. And it is a true Religion. But that it is not the whole Religion is proved by that Jesus Who was one of earth's most striking failures, and yet gained a mastery over spirit, soul, and mind which nothing else and no one else has ever approached. It will be by virtue of our civilization, of that mastery, and the person of the Master, that the faith will one day be everywhere and always triumphant.

On Genius

EVERYMAN'S GENIUS. By MARY AUSTIN. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill Co. 1925.

Reviewed by IRWIN EDMAN
Columbia University

IT IS difficult to review a book that seems to contain in a sea of language the flotsam of two or three interesting though questionable ideas. Mrs. Austin is obviously and passionately sincere in these essays and she means what she says when she offers them as science. But it takes more than passion and sincerity to make a scientist, and more than a hard new jargon to constitute a new body of knowledge.

Mrs. Austin's thesis is reasonably clear, despite its tangled statement and the constant amorphous excursions she makes from it. Genius is not for her what it is commonly and traditionally supposed to be, a rate transcendent whisper, a miraculous productive energy that appears once in a generation or once among a million routine humans. For Mrs. Austin, genius is the socially thwarted possession of the many, the realizable endowment of everyman. It is a deep-lying and universal racial gift, the "capacity for using racial experience." "We are pledged," Mrs. Austin writes (though just why one is not clear), "to think of this capacity as normal for all, varying in range and intensity, but liable to interruption and inhibition by mishandling, and *strictly conditioned by the personal endowment* [author's italics] of talent, intelligence, imagination, and character."

As far as one reader can make out this is the essential idea of the book, and, in all candor, an unbelievably confused one. Just what it means to speak of genius as normal in the light of the qualifications adduced, it would be difficult to say. In any case, this idea is elaborated by means of a terminology for which Mrs. Austin provides at the beginning of the book a three page dictionary. Her thesis is illustrated with anecdotes drawn from sayings and doings of some of Mrs. Austin's literary friends, including some notable ones like May Sinclair. It is documented by self-analyses of their creative processes by a number of persons, some of them, one fancies, utterly unknown to the larger public, and none of them, one guesses, what anyone not given to hyperbole would call a genius. These include such names as Bertha Waddell, Dorothy S. Lyndall, Kern River Jim, and Fannie Hurst. There is an elaborate note on Methods of Teaching, presumably the way of the recovery of genius, by Maxwell Aley.

Since the book is seriously offered as science, it must be considered on that basis. As such it seems to me an illicit evocation of that noble word and ideal. The very definition of the terms cloud the reader's mind: "Psyche, the individual clot of mind-stuff, the sum of mental processes in the individual, their interactions and residuum. Invention: the combination of items of information or experience by the faculties of the intelligence. Creation: the combination of items of fact or experience by the mechanism of the subconscious in a relation which satisfies an existing concept of livingness." There may be persons to whom these definitions define, but their demands for precision are less than the reviewer's.

Again, no scientist other than an astrologer would dare to generalize wildly from a few instances, and such carelessly validated ones. Mrs. Austin's notebooks must be interesting and her anecdotes are curious, but they hardly have been marshalled into an order warranting anything like the assertive conclusions she makes.

There is doubtless much of truth, very familiar truth, in these pages. The subconscious is our deep-lying racial inheritance, unreachable by the senses or the conscious intelligence. There is a difference between originative power and mere technical talent. Some environments promote creation; others hamper it. There is a distinction between getting an idea and working it out. All that is beyond cavil, and beyond novelty. But surely all that is hardly a science of genius. None of it would have helped any recorded genius in history, or help anyone to become the genius that Mrs. Austin believes everyone is without knowing it.

I do not see how any scientist could give Mrs. Austin's conclusions in their present form serious attention. The book is indeed not the work of a scientist at all, but the work of an artist who wishes to help other workers in creation to orient and fulfil themselves.

I do not see how this book could help anyone, and I can see how its very speculative thesis that genius is rampant could hurt many soft-minded yearners. It is not science, this volume, if science is clear thinking from carefully ascertained facts. It is certainly not art. For Mrs. Austin, who has written elsewhere with fire and precision, writes here a jargon that has neither intelligibility nor music, and has penned a volume with no consistent form. Last year, in an essay in *The Nation,* Mrs. Austin protested that an artist was hampered in America by the lack of intelligent and informed criticism. That may be the case in this instance. But surely she thinks honesty an essential to sound criticism, and in all honesty, this book seems to me to have no place either as the science as which it is offered or as the art which it might in Mrs. Austin's hands have been.

A Radiant Personality

KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN AS HER SISTER KNEW HER. By NORA ARCHIBALD SMITH. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1925. $4.

Reviewed by ELEANOR ADLER

IT IS said that "no one is a hero to his valet," and truly enough, for the valet mind cannot be expected to appreciate the qualities of a hero. The underlying thought of this epigram, however, that the finer qualities shrink when observed at close range, is fortunately disproved by many notable examples of admiring biography.

Kate Douglas Wiggin is not indeed of heroic figure, but the picture of her as she moves across the scene lingers pleasantly in many minds. We are fortunate in possessing two portraits of her, one drawn by herself in her "Garden of Memories," and the other now offered to the public in "Kate Douglas Wiggin as Her Sister Knew Her." The features of both portraits are essentially the same, with due allowance made for a sister's partiality.

Kate Douglas Wiggin started life in a small New England village, described by her sister as a place of "pungent odor, of verdant pine, of glittering snow, and crystalline purity of air that only Maine knows." After her rather desultory education, the family moved westward to the Pacific Coast and settled in California. Her step-father died there, and the family were left in acute poverty. It happened that in 1878 Dr. Felix Adler was invited to give a series of lectures in San Francisco, and at the conclusion of his visit, he organized the first free kindergarten west of the Rockies. Kate Douglas Wiggin was chosen to be the head of this small group, and soon became the leader of the entire kindergarten movement in the state. Debts were paid, the family was on its feet, and she was launched on the beginning of her career.

Soon after her first marriage, she found an outlet for her talents in a new career allied to her first kindergarten interest, in writing the series of charming stories about children that made her name dear to so many households. To her own surprise she found herself suddenly a popular author, her popularity still increasing as the stories followed each other, from "The Bird's Christmas Carol," "Timothy's Quest," the Travel Books, "Penelope's Progress," etc., up to perhaps the most important of her stories, "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm." Writing was from then on her major occupation, but she never lost touch with the Kindergarten Movement, especially in the west. Through the rich and varied years that followed, the trips abroad, her second romantic marriage, she grew in popularity, literary and personal. She dramatized her stories and was much in demand as a reader of them, and she lent her services to every worthwhile cause. In spite of her frail health and the devastating headaches that came upon her in later life up to the time of

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her death abroad, she could say that h[illegible] done with joy, and that "the after-[illegible] beautiful as the dawn to one who had [illegible] mile of the road."

Early in her career as a kinderg[illegible]r Douglas Wiggin showed her essential q[illegible] sunny nature, her influence, as the perso[illegible] over her small flock in the settlement. [illegible] ate sense of responsibility for their d[illegible]opment She had a large, humanistic, quasi-relig[illegible] about the work of the teacher. She was [illegible] "teacher by the grace of God"—as her sister des scribes her; and her writings show the same happy-hearted, gifted woman, maternally telling her stories to and for the children, living whole-souled, gay and bravely." "I haven't much to say," she is quoted, "not nearly as much as some other speakers, but I do seem able to make people listen." "Radiance" her sister describes as the keynote of her personality, adding that she was a good mixer, believed in "people," and made a chain of good fellowship.

One thing suggests itself in looking at the type presented to us in these two portraits; the difference between then and now. One would scarcely expect, among the younger generation today, to find a strong attraction for just such a type. And what has happened in the meantime to bring about such a complete revaluation? Reticence, the love of children, simplicity, a belief in the more sterling qualities, optimistic faith in the fundamental goodness of things—are they all under sentence as "mid-Victorian," together with the sham virtues,—the hypocrisies, and shrinking from reality,—which are rightly enough discountenanced? Mrs. Wiggin belongs to another period, many leagues distant from the subtle and analytical, often unpleasantly introspective stories of the moment. If these others have done important work in confronting the reader with certain aspects of reality, she will be remembered as a wholesome and sweet personality, reminding one perhaps of an old-fashioned garden, with its mignonette and its tea-roses, holding their place despite the more flaunting blooms.

Perhaps the best contribution furnished by the biography under review is the sense one gets of Kate Douglas Wiggin's delightful influence radiating through her intimate circle, and capturing the devoted admiration of this close companion—an admiration perhaps a trifle devout as well as devoted.

Thunder in Manhattan

(*Continued from page* 489)

comes so real to him that the citizen sinks to a flash and a contact. The book that depicts it is torn by the attempt into broken pictures, like sections of a movie film pasted at random. There is no story because there is no singleness in anything except the chaos which he calls New York.

The self-realization which "Thunder on the Left" proclaims as the final graspable good is only a hypothesis relieving the tension of distracted emotions. It cannot be proved; but with its aid life does seem to arrange itself and acquire meaning, as in this stirring book. And it is curious to note what a difference is made by the bare possibility of getting somewhere in life, even if far from one's chosen goal. For there is real laughter and beauty and thrill in the Morleyan world. Drink is a stimulant, not a necessity; there are characters worth loving whatever they do. Life is a mystery, ever threatening, but we are part of life and may control a tiny share if we will. It is a waking dream, in which the minds of all the characters open to show dark things and light, while chaos just outside our little bit of order is ever pressing in; but it is not a nightmare, not a vision of a city which is more than men, and means nothing.

So take your choice, or rather read both books, for they complement each other. "Manhattan Transfer" is the more limited for its sensitive author has set himself only this question, what does life look like in New York? Whereas Morley, whose book is more fully and more soundly written, has asked, what *is* life?, a harder question, which his grown-up children flinch from, and he himself can only try to answer after a loving study of that middle consciousness where thoughts form before they are crystallized by use and wont. He says that when Hunger holds back from Food then it has learned something of living, but whatever one thinks of his answer, there is no question as to the poignancy of his book.

The Bowling Green

Hinds Let Loose

It struck me as curious that the day that Frank Munsey died was also the day that C. E. Montague retired from the editorship of the Manchester *Guardian*. There was evidently some equity in this, for one of these events was probably a great gain to journalism and the other certainly a great loss. The boy from the Western Union and the boy from Balliol entered the world of print about the same time, and how curiously different their influence on the journalism of our era. I never even saw Munsey and I am convinced, from what those who knew him tell me, that he had delightful qualities. His precautious gift of money to a cathedral assured him of sepulture in full aroma of sanctity. President and Bishop gave him a good send-off across the Styx. Nor was it even quite true, to say—as did *The New Yorker*, which has recently begun the admirable practice of commenting candidly on the daily press—that "he aroused the bitterest animosities of any man who ever engaged in the business of printing news." For I know at least one of his former employees, a man of rich talent, who had genuine affection for Munsey and even thought of dedicating one of his own books to him.

But whatever the man's charms and oddities, there can be no doubt that his dealings with journalism were huckstering, bucket shopping: and his newspaper properties were merely incidentals toward his private passion for social *éclat*. A famous artist once told me of the time he worked doing drawings for Munsey forty years ago, in a tiny office down town. One evening Munsey invited him to dinner at his hotel, and after the meal, conversation flagging, said "Would you like to watch me ride horseback?" The surprised young draughtsman assented; they went together to Durland's where Munsey mounted a gigantic nag and rode solemnly round and round the tanbark ring while his employee stood by and pondered. If the camera may be trusted Munsey had the face of the perfect Stage Englishman, and to be a Master of Hounds may have been his dearest hope. And, in the City Room, he was. Often, driving past his estate between Manhasset and Roslyn, I have seen elderly and pensive horses, with gouty knees and sombre profiles, gazing sadly over the fence; and have wondered if they were old newspaper men, turned by black arts into these tragic quadrupeds. So the Durland hobby went on, I suppose, through life; and only a horseman could have created so many hacks. But he had the epitaph he would have coveted: "He died at the Ritz."

* * *

This is not maliciously intended; Munsey was, I doubt not, a lovable person among his convivials; he was a part of the jovial human comedy that we can all relish as long as it does not bear too savagely on ourselves. Never having had any personal doings with him I feel for his memory the perfectly affectionate disrespect that I feel for any other broker in other men's brains. His genius let no one doubt: he did even more than Joshua; he not merely made the *Sun* stand still, he made it go backwards. But is is important to keep certain distinctions clear, and not allow mere magnitude of obit-space to darken the mind of the simple. I have yet to hear of a newspaper man who says he was emboldened by Munsey to do some fine, delicate, or unpopular thing. Munsey was a gold-digger and he wanted his menials to be that too. Whereas in the case of a man like Montague, obscure pressmen all over the English-writing world have been heartened and purified by his rare honor and wit. There is a quaint contrast in these two men departing from journalism on the same day: the man who wanted to be seen on horseback, the man who climbs mountains solitary on foot. But, lest we be misunderstood, I hasten to add that Mr. Montague has retired from daily editorship to devote himself chiefly to his books; he has gone to live not at a Ritz but near a stone-quarry in Oxfordshire.

* * *

At a farewell dinner given Mr. Montague by his colleagues of the Manchester *Guardian*, Mr. C. P. Scott, the greatly loved chief of that paper, told the story of how Montague got his newspaper job. It specially pleases me because the same skit that caught Mr. Scott's eye thirty five years ago was also the thing, reprinted in *Echoes from the Oxford Magazine*, that first introduced me, in 1910, to the magic initials C. E. M. I think some of the things said about Mr. Montague at that dinner are worth reprinting from the *Guardian*. Mr. Scott said:

* * *

Before Mr. Montague left them they wanted to thank him for all he was, and all he had done, for his high temper, his political courage, the unswerving stand he had ever made for liberty, his deep and critical understanding of literature, the drama, and the fine arts, for the crystal clearness of his style, and its wonderful vigor and vividness, for the model he had set before them of English pure and undefiled. (Applause.) Those were great gifts, and for thirty-five years he had devoted them to the service of the paper.

He (Mr. Scott) remembered as though it were yesterday the first day Mr. Montague came to the office, though he could little know then what it would mean to him and to the paper. He was engaged without being seen. What decided the matter was a little skit written by him in the *Oxford Undergraduates' Magazine* of the time, a description of an inter-collegiate bumping boat-race, written in the manner of Thusydides. It was the most delightful parody he (Mr. Scott) had ever read, and he judged that the writer of it must have a lively wit. He was right. Mr. Montague had put life and wit into the *Manchester Guardian* ever since. At one period of its existence there were ribald persons who averred that it had no more notion of a joke than an oyster. (Laughter.) From the moment of Mr. Montague's advent that was a pleasantry no man dared be guilty of. The particular commandment laid upon journalists, "Thou shalt not be dull," was henceforth religiously observed.

Their friend and companion of many years was entering on a new life. A newspaper was a greedy thing; it devoured its own children: their life was lost in its larger life. In England, by custom and tradition, writers for the press were anonymous, but Mr. Montague could never succeed in being anonymous. (Hear, hear.) Do what he might, to those who knew him everything he wrote bore his signature all over. But for the larger public the personality of even the most distinctive writer was merged in that of the paper for which he wrote. Only in his books did he become completely himself. Mr. Montague had lived both lives—the life of the journalist and the life of the author, he had lived them hard—and he had lived them together. His was a crowded life. Now, after all those years, he was seeking, as he well might, leisure for his books. Whatever the future might have in store for him the past at least was securely his, a past of great and honorable achievement, and of devotion to the public good. (Applause.) The paper of the day might die with the day, but its work if well done (as Mr. Montague had done his work), did not die; it entered into the life of the nation and helped to direct its mind and shape its destiny. That was a great task and a glorious one. Mr. Montague had had his full share in it, and could look back on it with pride.

So the Hind is Let Loose. Even the memory of so fine a tribute will not be enough to keep him from a loneliness; those who have lived such departures merely in microcosm know it dour to abandon the intense and jocund life of newspapers with its relishable fellowships and keen sense of existence. And Montague has loved newspapers as only those can who are sharply critical of them, and as only those can who have worked in a journalism that is more than a kind of chain grocery system. Montague has been their Best Friend and Severest Critic, and I believe his own personal achievement, both in quantity and quality, is unique in our time. Besides the half dozen extraordinary books, and even deducting from his newspaper acreage the Shakespearean allusions which are the trademark of the authentic C. E. M. editorial, there remains a body of wit, of passionate liberalism, of flashing criticism, of quicksilver humor, that has been surpassed by no ephemeralist in our time. With those editorials vanished, where now can we go—as H. W. Nevinson said at the dinner—to select those beautiful quotations we have so often paraded as our own?

When the grocer enters journalism, he does not change his coat; as the old rhyme has it, he grows a grosser grocer. But remembering the Montagues, we can afford to forget, even feel just a little sorry for, the Capulets. We can remember some of the impalpable things; for instance—as the Bowling Green has annually reminded you—that January 20th is St. Agnes' Eve.

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

The *Dial* award of $2,000 for distinguished service to American letters has been given this year to Edward Estlin Cummings. Mr. Cummings is the author of a novel, "The Enormous Room," and of three books of verse, "Tulips and Chimneys," "XLI Poems," and "Ampersand."

The first *Dial* award was made in 1921, when it went to Sherwood Anderson. There is no competition for the *Dial* award, it is merely conferred by the editors upon a writer who has in their opinion made a notable contribution to American letters.

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Books of Special Interest

Art Values

THE ECONOMIES OF ART PRODUCTION. By SIR HUBERT LLEWELLYN SMITH. New York: Oxford University Press. 1925. $2.

Reviewed by ADRIAN RICHT

TO say that this book fails to realize the best one had a right to hope for from its title would be to pronounce an incomplete stricture upon it. A valuable and interesting study could have been produced by an investigator who approached the subject with an imagination sufficiently free not to conceive it narrowly and academically. All the shortcomings and irrelevancies of which the present work is guilty derive from the failure to base it upon such a conception; and an academic procedure, beside robbing it of any important significance its findings might have had, has filled it with confusion and inconsistency, so that it is doubtful if it have any value at all, even in the lesser field to which it is inadvertently limited by the author's inadequacy.

For Sir Hubert has not evaluated the economic laws affecting the creation of Art; he has attempted to produce, rather, a textbook of the commercial problems existing in the manufacture of certain entirely modern products which he regards as possessing "art values." It required the reading of the first three chapters of the book to come to this decision, for up to that time just what Sir Hubert regarded as Art was impossible of discovery, a puzzle unrelieved by an entire first chapter given to defining and explaining the conception upon which the book is based. Only when the reader comes to the first of the economic problems Sir Hubert is interested in—the function of design in modern industry—does he obtain a true perspective of the author's attitude.

This confusion is inherent in the method of the book, perhaps the fundamental inconsistency arising from it. Sir Hubert's procedure has been to establish an inductive description of Art, vague and indefinite despite the patient science he wastes upon it, and to set against that conception each of the more important economic factors first determined by Adam Smith, and applied by him and later investigators to all material economic phenomena. Sir Hubert first does this with the law of the specialization of labor, and finds himself forced to qualify it in the case of Art. Since unity is one of the most important qualities of a work of Art, certain reservations must be placed upon the extent of specialization allowed. This method is followed with other economic factors in subsequent chapters. Now, Art as such is as unconnected and distant from the law of specialization as an ephemeral conception can be from a rule of thumb, and it is equally remote from every other law and factor in the field of economic science. Trying to investigate Art in these terms is disastrous to the fruition of such a study as this through its sheer irrelevancy. If there is to be a genuine economic law of Art, it will deal with new conceptions and phrases and create its own body of doctrine. The raw data for such a study already exists, the result of such well-conceived works as Lewis Mumford's "Sticks and Stones," to mention only one. But any attempt to introduce Art as "goods" can only result, as it has here, in a shifting definition, and the weakening and invalidating of an economic principle.

Having become committed to this procedure, it is apparent that the author will be attracted more and more, for the purpose of his study, to the types of Art most amenable to this treatment, to "commercial art" that is, to the production of the most concrete "art goods." It is significant that poetry and music are not introduced into the discussion (they would illustrate too obviously the absurdity of large-scale production and specialization in connection with Art), and finally the author is obliged to limit his work definitely to a consideration of Art that, strictly or humanistically speaking, is not Art at all. It is Sir Hubert's concern for large-scale production which, in the third chapter, earliest gives the reader an indication of the concept of Art that his book deals with. He protests that "It is even assumed that there is such an absolute incompatibility between Art and uniformity that it is wrong to call a machine-made product a work of Art at all. The acceptance of such an extreme view would, of course make it of little use to proceed with our economic analysis . . ."

One heartily agrees with the second part of this statement which admits the futility of what is really an irrelevant discussion devoid of all but the most academic value. Aside from this one passage, however, Sir Hubert seems not to have realized it. Discussions of the relation of the designer and the salesman alternate with chapters that try inconsistently to regain the traditional attitude toward Art, that prove roundabout what was taken *a priori*, that set aside or disregard plain indications of a chapter previous. Questions such as: What are the economic conditions under which Art flourishes? or: What is the economic status of an artist? vital and legitimate subjects for investigation, remain unanswered. Sir Hubert is concerned for the existence of a "common art" among us, and then, ignoring its nature, frustrates its cause by showing insistent partiality for the very forces which have destroyed it.

Catholic Psychology

THE NEW PSYCHOLOGY. By E. BOYD BARRET. New York: J. P. Kenedy. 1925.

Reviewed by JOSEPH JASTROW
University of Wisconsin

THE new psychology acquires its distinction and value not from its novelty but from the illuminating quality of its point of view and conclusions. It is most readily characterized by calling it Freudian, for it derives its approach, its perspective and emphasis, and its tendency from that type and temper of psychology. Professor Barrett, like many another temperate follower of Freud, is far from being a partisan or undiscriminating devotee. He rejects as unproven many a Freudian conclusion and goes so far as to describe as nonsense and even as sacrilege such extravagant findings as the Œdipus complex, the parent fixation romance, the sexualized versions of child behavior, and the fantastic dream interpretations of like import. Furthermore, he is catholic, not to say eclectic, in his endorsement of the Coué type of autosuggestion, of hypnotic therapeutics, of the combinations of suggestion with psychoanalysis and even of the reality of telepathic forces. In brief the book brings together a set of chapters centred about psychotherapeutic procedures and mechanisms, and their interpretation. Prominent in the purpose is to enforce that such a position is consistent with the Catholic (scholastic) position; and that eminent churchmen, past and present, have contributed to the support of what is now the new psychology. This latter insistence will hardly make a strong appeal to the general and professional reader; and while anticipations at long historical range may be interesting, their pertinence is limited. Their modernity is so essentially the result of a marked contrast of knowledge and point of view, that the points of contact seem remote. The Catholic protagonism remains an intrusion, however one welcomes the scholastic in the modern camp.

Apart from this bias, the book is commendable in selection of material as in construction and expression. It is a useful guide to an engaging domain. Particularly well executed is the series of chapters covering the functional neuroses and their illuminating psychology. Hysteria and neurasthenia are discerningly delineated and afford a picture of and a clue to mechanisms of fundamental import to behavior, normal and abnormal, and of the indefinite borderland between them. Phobias and obsessions, resistances and disqualifications, and similar disturbers of the mental peace, are clearly diagnosed; and the inclusion of scruples in the group is a legitimate application of the author's combined interest in psychological and in religious phenomena. Naturally his view of religion leads him to reject and even to resent the similar explanation favored by other psychologists, of religious "symptoms," which are considered in a final chapter in "False Theories of Religion."

Apart from a fantastic notion of "soul speech" to bring telepathy into the new psychology, the author's position is safe and sound and that is vital since the trend invites an application to the art of right living as well as an insight into psychological territory. The new psychology aims to direct as well as to illuminate. Mental health is posited as a "will" discipline—a tonic regulation of a moral strengthened wisdom. Though not attaining a distinguished order of merit, the volume deserves honorable mention in the present-day contest for popular yet critical expositions of matters psychological.

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A Letter from France

By R[illegible]

LAST November, three new Academicians, an historian, a novelist, and [illegible] were elected to fill the seats of [illegible] d'Haussonville, Maurice Barrès, and Anatole France.

The historian, M. le Duc de la Force, was a great friend of his predecessor, Comte d'Haussonville, who did not fail to recommend him to the attention of the other Immortals. His family is among the oldest in France, being traced back to the early Middle Ages and the Caumonts of the Crusades. From the sixteenth century the elder branch was known as la Force and they were Gascon Huguenots famous for their fighting spirit and toughness. A cadet branch, that of Lauzun, remained catholic, and from it issued the Duc de Lauzun, who was a great favorite of Louis the XIV and led the most romantic of lives. Was he not loved by a princess of blood royal, the Grande Mademoiselle herself, the very cousin of Louis the Great? He came very near marrying her, but the Queen and Monsieur stopped the whole affair.

To Lauzun, the new academician dedicated his first book ("Lauzun": Hachette); in a narrative full of interest and piquancy, he pictured the adventures and loves, battles and imprisonments, of this nobleman. But his most important work is the life of his ancestor, Marshal Duc de la Force, who was closely connected with the history of the religious wars of the Reformation. Another book, "Curiosités Historiques," contains the letters that passed between the author's grandmother and the princess who was to be Queen Louise of Belgium. It is not given to everybody to find in one's family archives material enough for several books of real historical interest. The Academy followed a time-honored tradition in preferring this nobleman to Professor Mâle, the other candidate, who is a world-wide authority in Mediæval art. But the number of votes by which the victory was won shows that M. Mâle's election is pretty certain next time.

The novelist, M. Louis Bertrand, had no serious competitors. Born in 1866, in Lorraine, he became *agrégé* and doctor of letters and lectured for some years in Algiers. This explains the important part played by the Mediterranean world in his early writings. "Le Sang des Races," his first novel, describes this picturesque medley of various nationalities. "Pépète le Bien-Aimé" (which followed) is the story of an Algerian fisherman. The realism exhibited in these books is that of one of Flaubert's disciples and does not interest us so much as the glowing light and color lavishly spread over the descriptions of oriental crowds and landscapes, which fill the four books of travel called "Le Jardin de la Mort," "Le Mirage Oriental," (both with splendid pictures of North Africa), "La Gêce du Soleil et des Paysages," and "Le Livre de la Méditerranée." In those, the colorist, and lover of classical times, reigns supreme. Other aspects of the Latin world have attracted him; especially Spain, as it appears from "Le Rival de Don Juan," "L'Infante," and "Cardenio."

But his admiration for what Rome made of her African colonies, his meditations upon a glorious past and the everlasting problem of our destiny, paved the way to the beliefs of his later years. The great figure of St. Augustine (who was the bishop of Hippone, an African town still in existence under a name of cognate sound: Bône) had long attracted him and been his companion for several years. Two books about this Saint, a selection of his best pages, and a historical novel, "Sanguis Martyrum," show the new trend of his thoughts and emphasize his return to Roman Catholicism. What were the inner workings of his conversion will be told in his *magnum opus*, "Une Destinée," a largely autobiographical book, but something more—"the intellectual, moral, and sentimental history of the generation that has held the stage for the last fifty years." The first instalment, "Jean Perbal" (Paris: Fayard), brings the reader to the adolescence of the hero: relating, as it does, the story of his early years beneath gray skies and in dull surroundings, it helps us to realize how the almost pagan craving for color and light sprang from so much greyness and dulness and was satisfied by the travels of his youth and maturity. We can foresee how this sensuous satisfaction will in turn call forth a desire for something more, for light in a spiritual sense.

The poet, who has succeeded to France's seat, is M. Paul Valery. As he is only a [illegible] politics, his elec[illegible]ors. There were [illegible] of parliament to [illegible]ance. The Academy, [illegible] traditions, is not *a* [illegible] and proved it in [illegible] Valery, who is by many considered [illegible] poet, although he would be [illegible] described as a neo-classicist, a [illegible] Malherbe, Racine, and La Fontaine. He has a very noble conception of [illegible] turns his back on the novel—and poetry, the "everlasting, embracingly human," has his undivided worship. He has published very little for a man of his age (he is over fifty)—that is to say, as far as quantity is concerned, but the quality of his work is first rate.

I would advise every one wishing to master his poems to begin by perusing his prose works: the "Soirée avec M. Teste," the "Introduction to the Method of Leonardo da Vinci," the Platonic dialogue called "Eupalinos," and various Essays collected under the title "Variété" (Nouvelle Revue Française). Not only is this prose of the very best, but it expresses, with the adjunct of a subtle humor, some of the ideas underlying the poems, or at all events helps us to understand the central attitude of this metaphysical poet. Read in particular the Avant-Propos and "Au Sujet d'Eureka," for they are full of self-revelations. In these he tells us how the symbolist movement and Mallarmé led him to the worship of pure beauty, and how Edgar Poe's "Eureka" with its theories of Consistency and Symmetry stimulated his interest in science and fostered a desire to grasp the higher principles common to science and poetry. And Edgar Poe led him to Leonardo, one of the few geniuses who from a central standpoint surveyed life and its laws and saw the connection between apparently heterogeneous things. Others, Plato, Bergson, have influenced him, and strange to say, the discipline of higher mathematics has combined with all the poets to perfect and tune his intellectual instrument.

As a philosophical poet, Paul Valery might be compared with George Meredith, a George Meredith at his best, with the same impassioned idealism and a greater sensuousness, although ever charged with intellectual elements—with the same intensity of purpose but clothed in greater art—the result being no didacticism whatever, and no violence done to the language. Meredith would have granted him that "la véritable condition d'un véritable poète est ce qu'il y a de plus distinct de l'état de rêve" and that, in order to express one's feelings in a poem, i.e. to transmute the fluidity of emotion into the permanence of art, "extreme attention is necessary." At first, a corresponding attention is demanded from the reader, e.g. for this stanza of "Le Cimetière Marin:"

Pères profonds, têtes inhabitées,
Qui sous le poids de tant le pelletées,
Etes la terre et confondez nos pas,
Le vrai rongeur, le ver irréfutable
N'est point pour vous qui dormez sous la table,
Il vit de vie, il ne me quitte pas!

It means this that the true worm is not the one at work under the sod, but the worm of thought, ever at work within us, and the following stanza is easy enough for any one familiar with the Eleates, or at least with Bergson's "Data of Consciousness."

Zénon! Cruel Zénon! Zénon d'Elee . . .

I am told that the poems of Valery have been ably translated into English by Captain Scott-Moncrieff, a translation I should much like to have a glimpse of. This means that Paul Valery will attract a greater number of English readers, the translation furnishing help to appreciate the original. And poetry lovers of all countries will, I hope, flock to this true poet, whose best work is the very essence of poetry and produces (if Keats may be quoted) "an awful warmth about the heart, like a load of immortality."

The Salad Bowl

If Mr. Pennell had lived in the Garden of Eden he would undoubtedly have gotten on Eve's nerves at times and she would have gone away and dallied with the snake as a relief. . . Nevertheless we would not have Joseph Pennell otherwise than just as he is—a near-great human being, a great artist, a great non-voting American, and a great heaver of bricks.

Thomas L. Masson, in *The Literary Review*

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Points of View

An Open Letter

Dear Canby:

I've noted, though not with concern,
That the publishing worm is beginning to turn.
It's quite a performance. The worm is immense.
(That word's in the old Scandinavian sense.)
It's hissing and writhing and making a mess
In machine-made porterres of the Suburbane Press,
And as I'm the butt of its jury sublime,
I suppose I had better acknowledge my crime,
Viz:Some weeks since I did not entirely "enthuse,"
As the blurbs say, on Morley's last child by the Muse,
Which seemed to me then, and which seems to me still,
Though sweetly conceived and delivered with skill,
Its delicate promise not quite to fulfil.
I've said it before, and I'll say it again
That Morley has elegance, feeling, and brain.
He's uncommonly nice and uncommonly sane.
But concerning his publisher, it is too plain
That these are positions we cannot maintain.
Now that critics are often and notably wrong
I have frequently stated in prose and in song.
But the fact is they've singled me out for attack,
For I was not in tune with the clack of the claque,
And *Hence* I have Doublenight Leaf on my back.
They will hang, draw, and quarter, skin, dry, and impale,
They will twist off my tail, they will land me in jail,
They will serve me on toast like a portion of quail,
They will weigh me, and certainly joggle the scale,
To kill my opinion, which they'll do without fail,
If it takes their last dollar to drive the last nail,
Because——— I perhaps put a crimp in the sale.
Hence they start a symposium, where I am not quoted,
But am simply to special distinction devoted,
Held up as the mark and the target-in-chief,
For—— not fully agreeing with Doublenight, Leaf.
Hereafter if any one says of a book
That he doesn't quite fancy its lore or its look,
With the best haste he may, let the guy get away,
For Doublenight, Leaf have the goods—and they'll pay.
And furthermore this is the step that they've planned,
As an integral part of the law of the land,
That whenever they publish a work wet or dry,
The public by statute are ordered to buy,
So that rich man and poor man and beggar and thief
Will swell the exchequer of Doublenight, Leaf.
So much for a method which I must condemn.
If they go for me, by God I'll go for them.
If they have the money, God give me the wit.
And they're quite big enough for a palpable hit.
I'll trust to my brains, let 'em trust to their beef.
There's Roland for Oliver, Doublenight, Leaf.
And pray say to Morley: "I make these amends
You're the finest of fellows the finest of friends.
There's nothing I'd hate more than injuring you,
Save stating in print what I didn't think true.
But Doublenight, Leaf shall *not* write *my* review,
In which I am sure you'll agree with me too.
You've the gift and the humor, the verve and the stuff
To care more for frankness than puff or than bluff."
So, dear Canby, I wind up this rhyming epistle.
As for Doublenight, Leaf and their kind, let 'em whistle.
My position's unshaken, however mistaken,
I am, with the kindest regards,

LEONARD BACON

(This Open Letter, which Mr. Bacon desires us to publish, has reference to the controversy over his review of Christopher Morley's "Thunder in the Left," published in *The Saturday Review* for December 5th. —The Editors.)

Women

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
Sir:—

After publishing that seemingly disingenuous review by Stark Young of Mr. Tarkington's "Women," with its evidently disingenuous headline, "Women Made Simple" don't you think you owe it to your feminine readers to get some one who understands women and also Mr. Tarkington's subtlety and humor, to review the book again? Some women perhaps, like Alice Duer Miller? Or even another man, like Julian Street? I have not the pleasure of knowing either Mrs. Miller or Mr. Street, excepting as I know Mr. Young—through printed articles, but I am confident they will get more from the book about women than Mr. Young's confessed findings that they can be "generous, petty, pretty, illogical, sudden, sweet," etc.—judging, *he* says, from "traits" set forth by Mr. Tarkington, which Mr. Young calls "wholly safe insights."

No one could adequately or interestingly review this book who regards it in the light of "placid fragments" of stories "variously fair;" or whose sense of humor suggests such similes for the "human life" (the quotation mark in every case Mr. Young's own insights) in the book as "the best plumbing in suburban homes," and Mr. Tarkington's "working knowledge" as a "waterworks" or "lighting system" which Mr. Young knows "pleasantly and without much wonder." If this is all he knows and all he wonders about the book, can I be blamed for questioning the quality of his "humor" and even for questioning the ingenuousness of his praise—stories "prettily ended;" "a book now and again prettily written:"—what sort of enlightened criticism is this for *The Saturday Review* to be printing?

As we women say, "Imagine *any* man presuming to write a review of "Women" who selects the story—delightful to be sure—as "the best by far in the book"—the story of a sixteen-year-old school-girl and a professor. And imagine passing "Sallie Ealing" by without a word! And "Amelia Battle" and "Julietta Voss!" and all this, too, after he had complained of Mr. Tarkington's "scattering detail and social rambling."

Come, Mr. Eidtor! we women and Mr. Tarkington deserve better at your hands than a review which is full of flippancies and innuendoes which we don't consider worthy either of us or the book!

Sincerely yours,

ELZIABETH STANLEY TROTTER

Chestnut Hill, Pa.

Trade Winds

JOCUNDA had gone out to visit a nearby garage in search of some essence for her Dunhill cigarette-lighter. She had finally discovered that it did not work by magic but merely by gasoline; which caused young Amherst to accuse her of having a Mediæval and Unscientific Mind; the most damaging accusation that can be made against a young woman of her temperament. While she was gone I noticed Master Amherst furtively studying George Chappell's sprightly little book "The Restaurants of New York." I believe he was looking for some new place to take Jocunda to dinner. I don't insist on their working in the evenings, but I find they often come back to the shop about 9 o'clock to submit for arbitration some topic on which they have quarreled; such as whether the halitosis ads or Fannie Hurst's story in *Liberty* is the more deplorable. To hear them at it, in the full stream of controversy, you would think they were about to part forever; and I should never dare, in Dr. Canby's magazine, quote some of their angry young candors about authors and bob-lishers (as they call them; there is some secret joke in this that I have not been admitted to). But I notice that after a good set-to they depart quite cheerfully for one more caper at the Cave of the Fallen Angels or some such queer place.

⁂ ⁂

But this time Jocunda was in a pensive mood; perhaps something in Young Amherst's comments had pricked the very sensitive pulse that tingles inside these apparently insulted youngsters. Amherst had compared her mind, I think, to the foam on a glass of near-beer; not even worth the trouble of blowing away, he said. And when she came back she looked over my shoulder and saw the inscription that a friend of mine had written in a book he gave me for Christmas. It said:—

CARISSIMO SUO
P. E. G. QUERCO
HOC
AMICITIAE PIGNUS
NECNON
CONTRA OPTIMISMUM
MUNIMENTUM
A. G.
DONUM DEDIT

She looked at this with all her curiosities aroused.

"What's the book, P. E. G.?" she inquired.

I showed her the title, "Speculum Mentis," by R. G. Collingwood, Oxford University Press; and a devilish interesting book it is too, though I haven't seen any of the journals review it. Neither the inscription nor the title seemed to mean much to her.

"I wish *I'd* had a good Danish education," she said, "so I could read that right off."

"It's not Danish, old thing," said Amherst. "It's Latin."

She held herself in well, I'll say that for her.

"Carissimo suo, I can make that," she said, "and it's just what you are, you old sportsman; but what's this *pignus;* and the *necnon;* that's a double negative, I suppose. Why didn't I get the hang of these things at Vassar?"

"To his well-loved Quercus," I translated, "this token of friendship, specially as a safeguard against optimism, A. G. gave as a gift"

She calmly took the volume from me and began turning over the pages.

"Say!" she cried. "This is good! Listen to this: *But there remains a difference between our age and earlier ages, a special maladie du siècle which is endemic among us and which we can detect if we compare our own society with that of former times. If, for instance . . .* And golly, get this bit: *There is no truer and more abiding happiness than the knowledge that one is free to go on doing, day by day, the best work one can do and that this work is absorbed by a steady market and thus supports one's own life. The man who is rich enough to work unnoticed and unrewarded is by comparison a savage; the man who can only do his own work by stealth when he has won his daily bread elsewhere is a slave.*"

She paused.

"That's rather different from what I thought it was going—but it's true!" she exclaimed in excited confirmation. Her quick eye ran farther down the page and discovered something about "the mediæval mind." She read it, half aloud; decided she did not quite understand it, and shut the book with a resolute snap, holding it tightly to her shallow little bosom.

⁂ ⁂

"You'll have to lend it to me," she said. "Just for tonight, P. E. G. I want to find out about this Mediæval mind business. Isn't there something else you could read for one night? I'll lend you my Woolworth copy of "In His Steps;" and you know you ought to go over that list of remainders from the Syndicate Trading Co. This is gong to do me a lot of good. Philosophy is really exciting, and it'll maybe restore my illusions."

"She's been crazy all afternoon," said Young Amherst. "A fellow was in here telling her about an author she specially admires, how he had sciatica lately and crawled about the floor groaning in a union suit with an electric pad on his back, plugged in to the electric light chandelier; like a dog on a chain. She says it destroyed her ideal of her favorite novelists, she will always have to think of him in that lamentable posture. But if her ideals about literature are going to be shattered as easily as that, think what'll happen if she reads some of Ernest Boyd's "Portraits."

"Or this, from the *Publishers' Weekly,*" I said, getting out a paragraph I had marked. *A bookseller in a small industrial city finds the social pages of the local newspapers very helpful. He follows up the marriage announcements and finds out whether the newlyweds are to keep house. If so, they receive a call or a personal letter, or both, urging them to maintain high standards of culture in their home, and reminding them of the value of good books.* "How'd you like to start a follow-up system like that for me? If we hustled a bit we might do some real business."

"Call up the Rhinelanders," she said, "and sell 'em a copy of The White Blackbird. Oh, I think you're beastly, both of you."

"How about the Russian fun for dinner?" said Amherst. "Chappell says lots of literary people go there and we can watch their table manners."

"Dinner? Nix!" she said. "I'll snatch a sandwich and go home and read. A safeguard against optimism!"

She patted my shoulder lightly, as if to express her apology for taking a liberty; but I could see that something in her ardent and troubled spirit wanted that particular book. She took it and went, and I turned back to my memoranda of some things that interest me. For instance, that The Chaucer Head bookshop, 32 West 47, calls the Nonesuch Press Blake "the most important book of 1925," and offers for $7.50 Floyd Dell's copy of "The Green Hat." That Messrs. Dauber and Pine have opened a charming new shop at 66 Fifth Avenue, "manned with courteous bibliophiles and connoisseurs." That E. D. North, of 587 Fifth Avenue, celebrates the 200th anniversary of "Gulliver's Travels" (1726) by offering a First Edition for $250. That Meredith Janvier in Baltimore has the almost equally rare First of Doughty's "Arabia Deserta" (1888.) That Newman F. McGirr, 107 South 22, Philadelphia, is one of the few booksellers who can write good verse. And that the delightful Edgar Wells of 41 East 47 hires a charming assistant chiefly to have him smoke rich pipe tobaccoes in the shop, which is good, savory and preservative for the old leather bindings.

P. E. G. QUERCUS

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The New Books

The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received. Many of them will be reviewed later

Belles Lettres

ENGLISH SATIRE AND SATIRISTS. By HUGH WALKER. 1925. $3.

Although satire has played a less important role in English literature than in some others—notably Latin and French—it manifestly deserves more thorough critical treatment than it has yet received. The present volume by Dr. Hugh Walker of Cambridge will do much to fill the gap. The reader will find in it a conscientious and accurate account of the revelant facts in the history of English satire from its beginnings to the close of the nineteenth century, together with a careful notation of the institutions and customs at which this satire has been mainly directed. Dr. Walker, however, sometimes writes as if he were the first person who had ever ventured into literary criticism. The book is of a type which, when produced in America, receives the patronizing comment of English reviewers to the effect that its exposition of the obvious is due to the low state of American culture. One wonders what, in an English writer, is the explanation of many such passages as these. (Of Pope) "As a poet, it is his special praise that he carried his own particular style to perfection. Of his numerous imitators none ever equalled him." (Of Byron) "Don Juan, though a work of high genius, is also the work of a vicious man." (Of Samuel Butler) "Yet surely human history proves that the establishment of the family on the basis of monogamy is the greatest step forward ever taken by man. But perhaps Butler did not mean what he said."

THE COMIC AND THE REALISTIC IN ENGLISH DRAMA. By *John B. Moore*. University of Chicago Press. $2.

Biography

PORTRAITS OF A HALF CENTURY. By SAMUEL L. POWERS. Little, Brown. 1925. $3.

Here is a striking vindication of "the dynamic force of New England's Brahmin blood." Mr. Powers is of the aristocrats of democracy. Generous, cultivated, and perceiving, he turns his thoughtful eyes back over the scene of seventy years to give us introduction to a distinguished company. He is a gentleman writing of his peers; perhaps for that reason his kindly portraits are unblurred by any of that conscious or unconscious hope for reflected glory which often mars reminiscenses. Nor has he any affectionate weakness for his own less significant memories. The reader is presented, as by a gracious common acquaintance, to a choice circle that includes lawyers, orators, and business men, four governors of Massachusetts, and three presidents of the United States. His revered friend Henry Ward Beecher is studied with penetration. Perhaps most interesting of all is the appreciative estimate of Evarts, that figure which so long dominated the American bar. Here is the ready and humorous wit, culled in anecdote, the almost paternal kindliness which welcomed young Powers to his profession, and in the defense of Beecher, the amazing intellectual and emotional reach of the great orator. It is, all in all, a portrait not soon to be forgotten.

Yet the book is more than a group of likenesses of "brave men and strong, earnest in action, loyal and devoted to country and mankind." Behind all these fine figures of American leadership, drawing them together into a deeper significance, one discerns the moving force of that high tradition out of which our American democracy sprang. Mr. Powers has, perhaps unwittingly, written an illuminating commentary on the part of New England in that tradition, and its influence on the development of the nation.

TWENTY YEARS OF MY LIFE. By LOUISE JOPLING. Dodd, Mead. 1925. $5.

Mrs. Jopling has compiled, with obvious zest, as piquant a book of artistic and literary recollections as one could ask for, to beguile a leisure evening. The manner is subjective, feminine, full of charm, spiced with personalities. An artist of recognized standing herself, she counted among her intimate friends "Jimmy" Whistler and John Millais, Tadema and Lord Leighton, as well as Oscar Wilde, Irving, and Ellen Terry, Tosti, W. S. Gilbert, and the Lindsays. Her clever pen catches the subtle tone of an occasion, the glamour of a "varnishing," or the individual twist of a character, so that even when her observations are unpleasant they are never dull. Hers is a book full of good company, observed with a painter's eye and enlivened by her own gay spirit.

FROM PRESIDENT TO PRISON. By FERDINAND OSSENDOWSKI. Dutton. 1925. $3.

This book is the story of the writer's adventures in Manchuria at the time of the Russo-Japanese war of 1904. It is written in the same manner as the previous books of Ossendowski. As fiction it is entertaining, somewhat romantic, and amusing. However, what was a novelty in "Beasts, Men and Gods," through repetition of the method of writing, has become here less interesting and somewhat tiresome. Dr. Ossendowski seems to forget that anything that is repeated many times is doomed to lose its attraction and enchantment. For this reason the book is neither as thrilling nor as colorful as his previous books. It is a pale shadow of "Beasts, Men and Gods" and "Man and Mystery in Asia." As a factual chronicle, the book, like the preceding works of the author, has little if any value. No one of Ossendowski. As fiction it is entertaining, accurate description of what has really happened. The element of imagination is much greater than the element of reality in all his writings. If we were to believe the author we should have to grant that he was a dominating figure in the Russo-Japanese war and in the Russian Revolution of 1905. There is no need to say that such was not the case.

CHARLES BULFINCH. By *Charles A. Place*. Houghton Mifflin. $15.

ISAAC ELIOT AND CADWALLADER WASHBURN. Compiled by *Gaillard Hunt*. Macmillan. $3.50.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF RICHARD BAXTER. By *J. M. Lloyd Thomas*. Dutton. $3.

THE TRUE STEVENSON. By *George S. Hellman*. Little, Brown. $3.50 net.

MR. SECRETARY WALSINGHAM AND THE POLICY OF QUEEN ELIZABETH. By *Conyers Read*. Harvard University Press. 3 Vols.

THE HOLLANDERS IN AMERICA. CATALOGUE 518. By *Martinus Nijhoff*. *The Hague*. Nijhoff.

REYSBROECK, THE ADMIRABLE. By *A. Wauther L'Aygalliers*. Translated by *Fred Rothwell*. Dutton. $5.

WHAT THEN MUST WE DO? By *Leo Tolstoy*. Oxford University Press. 80 cents.

Drama

THE STORY OF THE SAVOY OPERA IN GILBERT AND SULLIVAN DAYS. By S. J. ADAIR FITZ-GERALD. Appleton. 1925. $3.50.

The Right Honorable Tay Pay O'Connor, M. P., has written an introduction (a brief one of two pages) for this book, commending Mr. Fitz-Gerald as thoroughly fitted to write it. He rehearses his own acquaintance with the plays and personalities of the famous Gilbert and Sullivan. Mr. Fitz-Gerald, who follows, gives us a thorough account of the operas' origins and full details of their production. He also gives us all the original casts of the first-night of each opera. His is a valuable reference book to all who wish to make a thorough study of the Savoy opera. It is sprinkled with many amusing anecdotes. It is the work of an experienced singer, comedian, and journalist who has long established himself as an authority on theatrical matters and particularly upon all the works and ways of Sir W. S. Gilbert and Sir Arthur Sullivan.

Will light opera ever again see such lyrics or hear such wonderfully appropriate music? From that famous March evening in '75 at the "Royalty," when "Trial by Jury" took the audience by storm, two new and brilliant literary and musical stars swam in the ascendant. Mr. Fitz-Gerald points out how Gilbert began to "plagiarize from himself" in the sense that "Pinafore" grew out of Captain Reece of the "Bab Ballads," and "The Baby's Vengeance" was utilized for "The Gondoliers." And he has many other original and interesting comments to make. The book is thoroughly documented.

THE DISCOVERY. A Comedy in Five Acts. By MRS. FRANCES SHERIDAN. Adapted for the Modern Stage by Aldous Huxley. Doran. 1925. $2.

There is a great deal of freshness and charm about "The Discovery" in its original form. The comic relief provided by the bickering Lord and Lady Flutter who become the warmest of lovers, and the affected but not vicious oddity of Sir Anthony Branville projected the play into immediate success. Even the rather slight plot of the original play gave opportunities for excellent acting. The characterization—as it should be in a good play—is better than the story. Lord Medway, despite his long-enduring and charming wife, fosters the breach between the young Flutters in order to draw the wife to his arms. A long course of fashionable debauchery has so reduced his moneys that he induces his soldier son to propose for the wealthy widow Knightly's hand, and orders his daughter to accept the pompous but wealthy Sir Anthony. Not the least delightful thing in the old play is the interest aroused in the real loves of the son and daughter, for the Colonel loves the younger sister of the outspoken captivating Knightly, and the daughter loves the absent nephew of Sir Anthony. It is easy to point out now the chief weakness of the comedy—the daughter's suitor does not appear, so the audience was deprived the pleasure of seeing her melt, or more likely, rush into his arms.

This lack, Mr. Huxley remedied immediately. Thus the disagreeable stain in the early play is eradicated. At the same time the acting possibilities are heightened, as they are further by the introduction of a creditor of Lord Medway's, who humorously abates his claim to have his debtor stand as godfather to his latest.

Without reference to the original, it is impossible to determine exactly where the adaptions and additions of Mr. Huxley begin and end. The final curtain of the early play shows Lord Medway proclaiming himself a reformed man. This conclusion is, of course, too sentimental for today; therefore Mr. Huxley (so much more careful are we of words than of things) announces his reformation in indirect phrases several speeches before the conclusion of the last act. Having done that, he was put to it for a good last bit. The dance—evidently a country dance, since the Creditor insists upon one—seems a noisy and agitated ending to this comedy of refined manners.

To us, part of the charm of the eighteenth century is its artificiality. We all know that plays then had their prologues and epilogues.

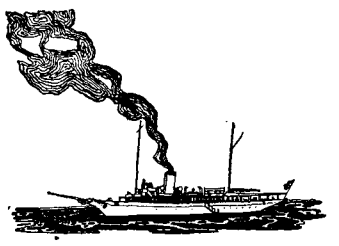
Fiction

PORTRAIT OF A MAN WITH RED HAIR. Doran. 1925. $2.

Hugh Walpole claims only "readability" for his latest novel, "Portrait of a Man with Red Hair." In a recent tilt with

(*Continued on the next page*)

Why this book is a London best seller



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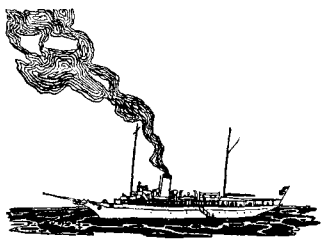

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AT ALL BOOKSTORES

EDWIN MUIR in the NATION AND ATHENÆUM

"'The *Clio*' is a brilliant, enticing, witty and profound work. His thought is so fascinating and profound, and has such resource behind it, that it is a continuous delight."

THE OBSERVER

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THE TIMES LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

"The work of a penetrating writer who shows that he can happily blend acuteness with gaiety and humour with truth. . . . What Mr. Myers has contrived to do, without any solemnity or aping of Conrad, is to convey the effect which a tedious proximity to virgin forest has upon these brilliant beings."

THE SATURDAY REVIEW

"Mr. Myers stepped at once into the first rank of contemporary novelists a year or two ago with 'The Orissers'. A fine intelligence has here expressed itself in scores of reflective passages and swift generalizations. Mr. Myers is a thinker and a wit."

H. C. HARWOOD in THE OUTLOOK

"So extraordinary are his imaginative force and intellectual acumen that he from time to time awes the reader. The actual writing is direct, with the peculiar Myeresque quality of striking to the heart before the senses are aware."

THE SKETCH

"Mr. Myers has the infallible air of the consultant without his professional discretion. It would be a bad business to skip through 'The *Clio*'. Words are measured, weighed and meticulously dovetailed into their place. It is an audacious affair; a trip (in more than one sense) back to the jungle."

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Coleridge at Highgate

By LUCY E. WATSON (nee GILLMAN)

The object of this memoir, which has been written partly to fulfill a wish expressed by Dr. and Mrs. Gillman, is to describe S. T. Coleridge the poet, as he was, when living with them, for the last eighteen years of his life at Highgate.

$3.75

Longmans, Green & Co.
55 Fifth Avenue New York

The New Books

Fiction

(*Continued from preceding page*)

H. L. Mencken, Mr. Walpole has named himself as the most conservative of present day English novelists. There is a grain of truth in the statement although the author of "Jeremy" has wandered down many of the bye-paths of literature from the packed realism of "The Captives" through the romance of "The Dark Forest" to the fragile diablerie of "The Old Ladies." In them all, Mr. Walpole has fairly well abided by the mandate of Henry Fielding with which he prefaces the present novel. "Every writer may be permitted to deal as much in the wonderful as he pleases; nay, if he then keeps within the rules of credibility, the more he can surprise the reader the more he will engage his attention, and the more he will charm him." In the literary iconoclasm of the day there are many readers who are glad to have one novelist who has not turned his back on the old gods and yet is conscious of the new. The "Portrait of a Man with Red Hair" is a rapidly moving mystery story, more than touched with horror, and, as the author admits, open to allegorical interpretation. There is no doubt that it is to the highest degree readable.

THE JU JU-MAN. By ARMSTRONG LIVINGSTON & THOMAS H. GRIFFITHS. Siebel. 1925. $2.

The authors of this weird and gory yarn seem to have taken it for granted that the perpetual slaughter of minor characters should constitute enough action to grip and satisfy the reader's appetite for adventure fiction. But it is not enough, even when the scene of carnage is so impressive a region as the Belgian Congo. Two murdering white bandits are the villains of the piece, this fiendish pair, aided by restless natives, despoiling the property and stealing the wealth of a respectable trader. With his own followers he at once sets out to be avenged and regain his looted possessions. Of course you know that he succeeds and that (as is the rule in yarns of this kind) the nasty business of executing the two malefactors is left to the natives. Certainly there's a girl, the trader's fair and fearless daughter who loves the stalwart young overseer and is abducted by the villains. Does she defy the latter to do their worst? But to confide that would spoil the story.

PARADE. By EMILY POST. Funk & Wagnalls. 1925. $2.

The jacket of "Parade" tells us that Miss Post is the author of a celebrated etiquette book. "Parade" makes this fact obvious. It is the story of a poor young girl who marries for money and lives to rue the day. The poor but honest lover whom the heroine jilts on page 65 returns, a successful statesman under an assumed name, and on page 265, in his own turn, jilts her. In few books have we found so beautiful a pattern of symmetry and balance.

Hidden unobtrusively throughout the book are *clichés* that a high school girl would hardly dare use. "Parade" is the sort of book that might have been written by any author of any etiquette book at any time.

UNCHANGING QUEST. By *Philip Gibbs.* Doran. $2. net.

BLACK VALLEY. By *Raymond Weaver.* Vilsing Press. $2.

FIREFLY. By *Diana Patrick.* Dutton. $2.

JOANNA. By *H. L. Gates.* Barse & Hopkins. $2.

Miscellaneous

THE DICTIONARY OF ENGLISH FURNITURE: From the Middle Ages to the Late Georgian Period. By PERCY MACQUOID and RALPH EDWARDS. Volume II. (Ch.-M.) New York. Scribners. 1925. $35.

This sumptuous work has now reached its second volume. In thoroughness, in richness of illustration, and in scope, the second volume accords with the promise of the first, which was reviewed in this magazine with reference to the scheme of the work as a whole by Myric Rogers on November 14, 1925. Mr. MacQuoid died when the preparation of this volume was well advanced, and his work is to be carried on by Mrs. MacQuoid, who had been his fellow worker. For reference, especially, these books are of high importance.

SHORTS. By *O. W. Coursey.* Mitchell S. Dak. Educator Supply Co.

THE CITY. By *Robert E. Park, Ernest W. Burgess, and Frederick D. McKenzie.* University of Chicago Press. $2.

TAXIDERMY AND MUSEUM EXHIBITION. By *John Rowley.* Appleton. $7.50.

THE TREE FOLK. By HENRY TURNER BAILEY. Cambridge, Mass. Washburn and Thomas. $2.

THE METHODIST YEAR BOOK, 1926. Edited by *Oliver S. Baketel.* Methodist Book Concern.

Philosophy

THE THEORIES OF INSTINCT. A Study in the History of Psychology. By E. C. WILM. Yale University Press. 1925.

The expansion of psychological knowledge and its place in the direction of human energy carries with it an increasing interest in its history. Though true of other sciences, it is peculiarly true of psychology that a retrospective view is less a study of origins than of antecedents—an account of the doctrines that prevailed in regard to similar subjects of reflection before the modern views began which themselves frequently and radically reshaped, at length made psychology a commanding science. Thus selecting the subject of Instinct, Professor Wilm is able to put together an account of the sporadic views of this thinker and that, contributing to the development of the concept of reason versus instinct. It is not a consecutive story nor even in the several chapters do we find much more than an incorporation of the topic into the prevalent philosophical trends; there is the central issue of the mechanistic versus the vitalistic view, of blind forces against directive purpose. There is the practical interest in the habits of animals and the use of their psychology to prove wonderful adaptation or design. There is the feeling of community of men with animals, that supports a vegetarian diet as well as animal totems and taboos. But until evolution appears, and the modern ways of *thinking* about the boundary sciences neighboring and protecting psychology, there is no true history of the doctrines of instinct. In recent discussion the problem has again received a notable emphasis alike from behavioristic quarters sponsoring what has been called the anti-instinct fallacy, to the Freudian expansion of all that emerges from the unconscious or the Bergsonian *élan vital*, and the sociological psychologists tracing in the active behaviour of men the urge of instinctive forces. This convenient and critical account of the early views of germane topics is a welcome contribution to the history of psychological problems.

SYMBOLISM AND TRUTH. By RALPH MONROE EATON. Cambridge, Mass.: Harvard University Press. 1925.

This is a book of somewhat technical character. It does not directly concern literature, or art, or heraldry. It is intended as an approach to logic and theory of knowledge by the avenue of an analysis of linguistic and other symbols. When the reader has been warned that such is the subject-matter of the book, what remains to be said is largely encouragement and praise. It will do the reader with literary or philological interests a great deal of good to acquaint himself with the way language and thought look to the modern logician. The same is true of the psychologist. Yet until the apperance of Dr. Eaton's book, much of this material was quite inaccessible to most such readers. No one need be deterred by a fear of crabbed and obscure writing, for Dr. Eaton writes well; but he does demand of his readers a good deal of thought, since he attends strictly to business, and grapples bravely with some rather subtle and evasive problems.

Poetry

XXVIII SONNETS. By MRS. WILLIAM LOWELL PUTNAM. New York: William Edwin Rudge. 1925.

RODERTGO OF BIVAR. By T. STURGE MOORE. The same. $6.

STUDIES OF MODERN PAINTERS. By ARTHUR SYMONS. The Same. $7.50.

SKALLAGRIM. By RICHARD WEST SAUNDERS. The same $5.

These four recent examples of the art of book-making as practised by William Edwin Rudge, and the art of typography as practiced by Bruce Rogers, are indeed beautiful books. Aside from this the poetic drama of Sturge Moore and the appreciative writing of Arthur Symons make two of these slim volumes particular literary treasures. Details concerning the printing of such books are of interest. Six hundred and eighty-five copies have been printed of the Symons. Eighty-five of these are on hand-made paper, signed by the author, and bring twenty dollars apiece. Of Sturge Moore, five hundred have been printed, and twenty-five copies on hand-made paper, signed by the author sell for fifteen dollars a copy. Of "Skallagrim," five hundred copies have been printed, only one hundred of which are for sale. It were better no further to comment upon Mr. Saunders's operetta.

We often wish that fine book-makers and artists in typography would confine themselves to presenting writing only of the first order. It does not seem proper here to enter into serious criticism of the artistry of Mrs. Putnam's sonnets which are for a select and intimate audience. But it may be pointed out, in general, that though The Lantern Press of San Francisco, who are now reviving fine book-making on the Coast, do not command, in the services of Edwin and Robert Grabhorn, artistry commensurate with the work of Edwin Rudge and Bruce Rogers, they have, nevertheless, in the selection of material for immortalization on the selectly printed page, been especially fortunate in their choice of a fantasy by Stella Benson, "The Awakening," and Sherwood Anderson's "The Modern Writer." We should like to see more truly notable English and American work made the particular province of our finest printers and typographical experts. For we regard their function in literature as extremely important. And the Rudge and Rogers selection of material is not always discriminating.

HUNTING SONGS. By R. E. EGERTON WARBURTON. Scribners. 1925. $5.

Mr. Warburton's songs, obviously composed as a labor of genuine love, are not particularly startling from a literary point of view. But they would certainly help to grace the late evening after any English hunt dinner. The author's jogging verse follows the hounds thoro' bush, thoro' briar and always brings the reader in at the death. There is nothing in the least pretentious about his book excepting the handsome way in which it is printed and bound. Several three-color illustrations in the conventional mode help to enliven the letterpress. At his best Mr. Warburton is capable of some amusing Gilbertian rhyme, Plantagenet and "badge in it," and so forth. At his worst he can give us such a stanza as—

The Willington mare, when she started so fast,
Ah! we little thought then that the race was her last;
Accurst be the stake that was stained with her blood;
But why cry for spilt milk—May the next be as good.

This could certainly compete for a place in the Book of Worst Verse. But there is one passable sonnet and some ingenious Sapphics to counterbalance this and nobody could possibly quarrel with Mr. Warburton's honest and gallant dealings with his Muse. He is also to be thanked for one or two pleasant glimpses of the Cheshire countryside. There is, however, no danger that John Masefield's "Reynard" will be superseded. Mr. Warburton is obviously a better huntsman than he is a poet.

CARAVAN. By WITTER BYNNER. Knopf. 1925. $1.50.

This volume will not add anything considerable to the author's reputation as a poet although it is five years since he published his last book of verse. On the whole the new poems are slight and disappointing. In reaching out after the arresting phrase Mr. Bynner frequently puts his verse out of joint. "The wonder of the midnight of your breath" looks and sounds good; but it means next to nothing. And there is more than one such puzzling ambiguity as appears notably in "Nieh Shih-Chang."

. . . . you played for me
On your bamboo-flute ancestral tunes;
Pure-hearted poems you explained
On amber walls.....

Even one's own punctuation fails to make this clear. Were the poems explained by somebody standing on amber walls? Or was the flute played on amber walls? Or were the poems about amber walls or the ancestral tunes? Anyway it is not easy to recognize any particular virtue in the lines. The same uncertainty of purpose recurs throughout the volume. Exceptions, however, must be made in favor of the happy lyric "A Dark Wind," and the searching lines concerning the felinity of D. H. Lawrence, lines containing some admirable literary criticism. In the poem "One of These Days" we meet an altogether different Mr. Bynner who reveals himself admirably in a fresh and convincing manner in two pages of really pulsating verse, the best in the book.

Travel

THE TRUTH ABOUT FLORIDA. By CHARLES DONALD FOX. Simon & Schuster. 1925. $2.

Although the jacket of this book assures us that the author has no material interests in Florida, thus rendering him a neutral recorder of the state's surpassing fairness and prosperity, the most enthusiastic native son and booster should seem by comparison a mumbling pessimist. The eulogy is addressed to the unenlightened and misin-

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BY S. A. MITCHELL

Professor of Astronomy and Director of Leander McCormick Observatory, University of Virginia

Second edition. 459 pages, 60 plates. $5.00.

The latest solar eclipse was visible on January 14th in New Zealand and North Africa. This book explains all that modern astronomical science knows about eclipses and includes much information on solar physics. It is written so that the layman as well as the scientist can understand it and will remain a standard work on the subject for many years to come.

PRICE CORRECTION

The price of Gilbert Murray's book, Five Stages of Greek Religion, was misstated in last week's issue as being $7.50. The correct price of this new book is $3.75.

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formed who conceive covetously of Florida as a Paradise where realty gambling wins fortunes over night, to the well-to-do vacationist, to prospective residents who plan to settle there permanently and earn a living. For all of these the book has undeniably useful information, but the phenomenon of Florida's recent awakening to recognition of her own natural gifts is described too zealously in terms of profit and loss, meaningless population increases, speculative development of pleasure resorts, and "go-getting" rallies. Such glories are, of course, the very soul of empire building, and the fact that Florida's third largest county is a wilderness of 1,267,200 acres peopled by 1256 inhabitants, with a county seat of 151, is of no importance when one contemplates the marvel of $100,000,000 being spent every winter at Palm Beach.

ROVING THROUGH SOUTHERN CHINA. By HARRY FRANCK. Century. 1925. $5.

Mr. Franck's book is an account of his year's travels in every province,—a route bounded on the shore line by Shanghai and Hainan, and inland by Cheng-tu and Hanoi. It has no index, but it contains 171 illustrations, all out of the ordinary, and a map of the itinerary. Here is a veritable mine of information on the daily life of the people as the author saw them at rest and at work.

Mr. Franck does not pretend to be interested in philosophy as such, nor in religion, to all forms of which he is indifferent, nor in art, nor in the activities of diplomatic, political, or fashionable circles. Oriental leisureliness got on his nerves; sometimes he lost patience and temper, and thereby condemned himself, as he was not entirely unaware, in the eyes of those to whom he showed this side of his nature, to be a rather pitiable if not contemptible barbarian. The few who knew him best were loyal and devoted. In short, it would seem, then, that in some ways he was not happily qualified, at first, to render a very satisfactory interpretation of what he saw.

One of the delights of his book is its more or less unconscious revelation of what might be termed the education of Harry Franck, the change that came over him; so that in the end he emerges with a still qualified but apparently ever-increasing admiration and affection for the common people of the country, especially for those who have not come in contact with foreigners. From sad apprehension of the future, which these feelings naturally give rise to, he seems also to emerge to a faith not only in

The Reader's Guide

Conducted by MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Questions in regard to the selection of books and questions of like nature should be addressed to Mrs Becker, c o *The Saturday Review.*

[illegible] CONFEDERATION

[illegible] By Francis Brett Young. [illegible]

[illegible] OF GREEK RELIGION. By Gilbert Murray (Columbia University Press.)

MAN THE PEEPEL. By Abram Lipsky (Frank-Maurice).

E. K. J., Urbana, Ill., looks for "some story, in fact or fiction, that treats of two brothers who are the antithesis of Cain and Abel," who exemplify love so great that supreme devotion is said to be "passing the love of brothers"? Is there a tale in which the brother gives his life for another? This inquirer has paused at but passed by Castor and Pollux, "haunted through my Shakespeare, conned Dickens characters, wondered if I hadn't read a Russian story of loving brothers, studied the Bible concordance; but all I have found is stories where brotherly love is more honored in the breach than in the observance."

ONE starts off bravely enough with the Corsican Brothers and the Smith Brothers and the Siamese Twins. The Brothers Grimm worked together, so did the Goncourts, and so did three sets of aeronautic brothers, the Montgolfiers, the Voisons, the Wrights. Rome began with two brothers, but look what Romulus did to Remus: history is nowhere to look for loving brothers so long as it is concerned only with kings and there are thrones in question. The Gracchi had not this complication and the Maccabees were magnificent, but for beautiful brothers I prefer to search the twilight zone of legend, midway of history and dream, for the sons of Uisneac, the Three Lights of Valor of the Geael, who for love of the eldest, Naoise, lived with him as hunted men and, trapped with him in the flaming palace of a treacherous king, died his death. "Let me be first, sweet sir," pleaded little Ardan, turning confidingly to Conachur: "I cannot bear to see my brothers killed," he said. The story is best told by James Stephens in his "Deirdre" (Macmillan), and all things considered, it is these three children that I would choose to offset some of the bad brothers in history and literature. It is disquieting to discover how many of these there are. Regard the family life of Les Frères Karamazov; the lack of harmony, to put it kindly, among the sons of David and with Joseph's brethren; the domestic friction of Paolo and Francesca's husband. Even the conduct of the Heavenly Twins (not Sarah Grand's but the original classics) was decidedly open to question, if we may believe Verhaeren in "Heléne de Sparthe." And these are standard brothers, brought up in the good old times: if you once begin on contemporary drama you get fratricide in T. C. Murray's "The Birthright," political ambition disowning an undesirable relative in de Curel's "Le Coup d'Aile," and in Barker's "Voysey Inheritance," Pinero's "The Thunderbolt," and Owen Davis's "Icebound," glimpses of what becomes of brotherly love when there are several claimants for one pair of dead men's shoes. Against all this the eccentric but affectionate Peter and Anthony, in Lady Gregory's "The Canavans," make a pretty poor showing, but they are all I can dig up from this generation's plays.

This list, such as it is, was assembled without bibliographies; if there are any on this subject I don't know them. It was gathered by combing my personal recollections, and the result is, as I have said, somewhat disturbing to one who never had brother or sister and retains, perhaps in consequence, idyllic ideas of what such relationships must be. Were all these plays and books written on the theory that only exceptions are exciting? Or may brothers get so often into trouble because they will bring sisters-in-law into the family relations just near enough to tell each other the truth and not near enough to know just what it is? Or is the clew to be found in the closing sentence of "The Servant in the House," when Manson, asked by the Vicar "In God's name, who are you?" replies "In God's name, your brother."

teurs often fail to send a wedding invitation to the best man. Anyone who will send in better support for an embattled relationship will be held in gratitude by the R. G. as well as by E. K. J.

T. V. R., New York City, asks for plays for children, of more recent publication than those named in the official lists of plays for juvenile performance, and desires that some shall be for outdoor use.

WONDER Clock Plays," a surprisingly faithful and satisfactory arrangement of five of Howard Pyle's famous stories, by Sophie L. Goldsmith (Harper), is distinguished not only by the familiar black and white pictures of such treasured favorites as "How One Turned his Trouble to Good Account," but by photographs of actual performance (several outdoors), and explicit directions for costuming and staging. A feature of these demure entertainments is that while they might be given with a small cast, it is possible to work in "as many supers as may wish an excuse to appear on the stage." Helen Harrington's "Outwitting the Weasels" and "New Fangled Notions" are in one volume (Dutton); the first is for bird conservation and uses costumes on the plan of those designed for the Mackaye masque "Sanctuary;" the second, in a barn-yard that could be put on as elaborately as "Chantecler," might be managed quite uproariously with animal masks and simple disguises; the talk is amusing and the moral is that new ideas in farming pay. "The Brownies in Fairyland" (Century) is familiar to many audiences through Sunday school and other amateur performances during the lifetime of Palmer Cox, but so far as I know, it was given from manuscript; at least this is the first time I have seen the text and the score of the many songs by Malcolm Douglas that go with it. "Goldtree and Silvertree," by Katherine Duncan Moore (Macmillan), is a set of very easy and spirited fairy plays for young performers; it would be great fun to give the one called "Kit Cat and Cross Patch," for instance, with a cast of "neighbors' children whom you have seen before." The author has had the bright idea of noting, in places where songs occur for which music is given, that the words may be said first and then sung; one who has had experience with amateur diction knows how reckless it is to trust the point of a joke to any young singer.

"The Haunted Circle and Other Outdoor Plays," by Adelaide Nichols (Dutton), has festival productions for all seasons, and an important feature is the preparation for the actors in the form of collateral reading, something that camps will appreciate. For example, for "The Gardner's Cap," a play involving the return of Pan to the modern world, the reading ranges from "Crock of Gold," "Wind in the Willows," and "Puck of Pook's Hill" to Stedman's "Pan in Wall Street." In "Short Plays from American History and Literature," for classroom use in grammar schools, by Olive Price (French), there is a pageant for Commencement use called "Memories" that introduces poems and dances and could be varied to include any material the school curriculum had left on hand. In "Plays from American History," by Francis and Anna O'Ryan (Hinds), there is that almost unheard of entertainment, a really new and interesting play for Washington's Birthday; this little collection, meant for intermediate and grammar use, is strong in scenes showing American character as it influenced our history. I have already spoken of Virginia Olcott's "Everyday Plays for Home, School and Settlement" (Dodd, Mead) and "International Plays for Young People" (Dodd, Mead); these are practical, easy to give, and have costume plates in color.

(*Continued on page* 503)

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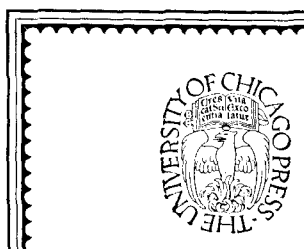
I am a literary adviser. For years I read for Macmillan, then for Doran, and then I became consulting specialist to them and to Holt, Stokes, Lippincott, and others, for most of whom I have also done expert editing, helping authors to make their work saleable.

Send for my circular. I am closely in touch with the market for books, short stories, articles and verses, and I have [illegible] department for



In 1861

"the tidings of the untimely death of the young and gallant Ellsworth were received with public demonstrations of sorrow by every state in the Union. It was justly looked upon as a great calamity." This is the comment of Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper of June 1, 1861. Young as he was, Colonel Ellsworth had already made his mark among men and his memory is well served by Charles A. Ingraham's tribute, *Elmer E. Ellsworth and the Zouaves of '61.* The book is rich in historical allusions to the turbulent Civil War period. $2, postpaid $2.10.

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Mr. Carl D. Herdman of Bowling Green, Kentucky, writes us as follows regarding "Thunder on the Left":

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From Memphis Mr. D. E. Baughan of the West Tennessee State Teacher's College writes:

"In 'Thunder on the Left' Mr. Morley has with masterly discrimination probed into the most delicate of human emotions with a deftness possessed by no other American artist."

Mr. Paul C. Hillestad writes from St. Paul to say:

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We can reassure Mr. Hillestad on this last point. Since November 25th, 60,000 people have bought copies of THUNDER ON THE LEFT and three thousand more are buying copies each week.

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Thunder on the Left

By Christopher Morley

The Phoenix Nest

WE OWE *Norman Fitts* four dollars and seventy-five cents! * * * But we really owe him more than that now, having derived not a little pleasure and inspiration from Issue 33 and Year 6 of the *S4N*, which has just come to us. * * * It contains only "A Few Remarks by the Director," viz. by Norman himself. * * * Almost a year ago Norman contracted tuberculosis, and he wrote his few remarks on July 31st of last year at the Hampshire County Sanitorium, Haydenville, Massachusetts, where, presumably, he may now be addressed. * * * All people interested in pioneer discussion of the arts, and in the continuation of the *S4N* as a small periodical run in the interest of no particular clique, region, or æsthetic theory, but devoted to the principle of presenting the clash of diametrically opposed viewpoints and seeing the sparks fly—all such people are urged to write Fitts and help him continue the publication of *S4N*. * * * If you know little or nothing of *S4N*, at least write for 'Issue 33 and Year 6," and *learn* something about it. * * * We ourselves have derived quite a bit of entertainment and stimulation from this small and peppery journal in the past. Its editor and publisher is a darn good sport with an unusual allotment of intelligence. * * * *S4N*, as he puts it briefly, is a "cross-section of conflicting æsthetic viewpoints," and it will feature expository articles by leaders of the more advanced æsthetic thought. * * * We recommend Mr. Fitts as an editor whose ministrations can considerably increase your radioactivity! * * * The kindly Knopfs gave us great pleasure when they tossed our way a copy of "The Duke of Berwick and Other Rhymes," by *Lord Alfred Douglas*. * * * While not forgetting *Belloc*, who, Lord Alfred declares, closely imitated him with the "Bad Child's Book of Beasts," the animals evoked by Lord Alfred, in "Tails with a Twist," and elsewhere, are altogether beauteous and bright. * * * We have not for a long time assimilated so much unnatural history! * * * Take "The Ferret," for instance, or—take "The Albatross"

The Albatross is most unfair,
He hurts you more than you can bear.

He does you really serious harm,
When he can get you on the arm.

And if he gets you on the hand,
It's simply more than you can stand.

If from his beak you get a poke,
You'll find it goes beyond a joke.

And if he hits you with his wing,
It is a very serious thing.

He is a nasty, dangerous brute,
He mostly gets you on the foot.

* * * More elaborate are "The Pongo Papers" and "The Placid Pug and Other Pieces." * * * Lord Alfred has written sonnets of great beauty. The present volume proves that he has also written nonsense (from '99 on) of purest ray serene, and fantastical satire of a high order. * * * So our welcome to "The Duke of Berwick" is quite whole-souled, if it were only for this couplet upon the Cod:

But though he swims in graceful curves,
He rather gets upon your nerves.

* * * This coming fall the Viking Press will publish a translation of a German novel that has been the sensation of the past year in German literature. It is "Jud Süsz," by *Lion Feuchtwanger!* * * * But earlier than this the same firm is bringing out a novel with a title the most delectable. It is called "Lolly Willowes or The Loving Huntsman." * * * Of course *Carl Van Vechten* has pounced upon it, with his unerring taste for the bizarre. * * * It is written by *Sylvia Townsend Warner*, who recently made her American début with an unusually good book of poetry, "The Espalier." * * * *David Garnett*, author of "Lady Into Fox," etc., is said to have discovered Miss Warner. * * * "Lolly Willowes or The Loving Huntsman" is rumored as the narrative of an old maid who sells her soul to the devil because he wants it—and no one else ever wanted anything of her. * * * On January fourth, Harvard University announced the Mason-Spinden Expedition to Yucatan. *Gregory Mason*, leader of the expedition which sailed on January ninth, from New Orleans, is apparently off to experience for himself the thrills he accorded the protagonist of his novel "Green Cold of Yucatan," which [illegible] upon the baffling hieroglyphics of the Mayas), making it serve as a signal fire, in order to save his girl. * * * But Gregory seems to think that, from what he has seen of the ladies down in Yucatan, they ain't actually worth it * * * Anyway, back of the eastern coast of Yucatan are the lost cities of the Mayas, and Gregory and *Dr. Herbert J. Spinden* of Harvard are out to find 'em if they can! * * * Hen's luck. * * * We wish to thank *Arthur Webster Hyde* for sending us Vol. 1, No. 1 of "Camp Nitawa." * * * *George Kelly's* third play, "Craig's Wife," which has been having a successful run and is one of the winter-season plays distinctly worth seeing, is now issued in book-form by Little, Brown. * * * Four new booklets in Dutton's Today and Tomorrow Series have just flocked together to our desk. * * * They are "Thrasymachus, or the Future of Morals," by *C. E. M. Joad*—"Pygmalion, or the Doctor of the Future," by *R. M. Wilson*, M.B., Ch.B.,—"Lycurgus, or the Future of Law," by *E. S. P. Haynes*—and "Ouroboros, or the Mechanical Extension of Mankind," by *Garet Garrett*. * * * These little books sell for a dollar and form, in almost twenty volumes published, with *many more titles* to come, an extensive survey of the futures of almost *everything!*

A book whose language puzzles us like Erse
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It is chosen by Edmund Gosse and Somebody Craigie.

* * * For readers of detective and mystery stories, the new Mr. Reginald Fortune book, by *H. C. Bailey*, entitled "Mr. Fortune's Trials," is just as good as "Call Mr. Fortune," and "Mr. Fortune's Practice,"—and that is comparative acclaim! * * * If you want to read a short history of the Jews that will hold your attention, get *Lewis Browne's* "Stranger than Fiction" (Macmillan). Its concision and freedom from prejudice are remarkable. * * * Lately some books were dispatched from this office to *Dillwyn Parrish*, who happened to be laid up at the time like a poor little "shut-in." * * * Dillwyn picked two favorites from among these, and replied amiably to the lender of the books:

First favorite, "Americana." *H. L. Mencken* jockey. Particularly for the paragraph on Delaware (page 289): "This is a small and measly state. . . It has no large city and no person of any consequence has lived in it for half a century." The orchestra will play softly while the following leave the room as quietly as possible: *Judge Gray, Howard Pyle, George Bassett Moore, Henry S. Canby, Lee Wilson Dodd, J. Edward Addicks, Annie Jump Cannon, Anne Parrish.*

The other book is a treasure neatly bound in black. I praise it for a simplicity unrivalled by any present day writer, for an economy of expression that in no way interferes with its style. Not since the inimitable "Alice in Wonderland" has anything been written less apt to appeal to the kiddies. It is a work calculated to *inspire;* increase your earning capacity; correct your English and make you the man of the hour at any dinner party. I refer to "The Princeton Club of New York, 1924." But let me quote from its pages:

This needs no comment—its tender beauty is evident (page 90):

Wulp, George A.
Wulp, William C.

Or this stirring cry reflecting the Princeton tradition which saturates this book: (page 90).

Yuser
Yeisley
Young
Young
Young!

Lastly, to illustrate how inspiring this book is, we take the liberty of completing some rhymes suggested on this ubiquitous page 90. We do not want to gild the (Tiger) lily, but to show what suggestion may lie in a name:

Are the lads of Princeton frisky?
Ask Alexander C. Zabriskie.

Do the lads of Princeton think?
For answer question Homer Zinc.

Are you the famous Princeton twins, sir?
I ask of R. and William Zinsser.

Can you sense from this trash winnow?
I cannot, says Frank A. Zunino.

P. S. I return the last named small volume as I have already read it and I know you do not wish to be without it longer than possible.

* * * Well, we thank Dillwyn Parrish for writing our column—practically! * * * Tootleoo!

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GOOD

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The World of Rare Books

By Frederick M Hopkins

THE MANNING AUTOGRAPHS. . . .

PART I of the autograph collection formed by the late Col. James H. Manning, of Albany, N. Y., consisting of American autographs, largely historical, will be sold by the Anderson Galleries January 19 and 20. The catalogue of this part contains 1,019 lots and it will require four sessions to sell them. Undoubtedly this will be the most important autograph sale of the season.

The outstanding feature of this part is a very fine and complete set of the autographs of the Signers of the Declaration of Independence, and the outstanding single lot is the document signed by Button Gwinnett, the most valuable signature in the world today. A signature of Gwinnett in the Thomas sale last season sold for $14,000, the highest price ever paid for an autograph signature.

Colonel Manning attained an international reputation as a collector, largely because he was indifferent to standards that existed before his time. In his buying he was not governed by precedent. He was willing to pay a record breaking price, if the competition was fair. At an auction sale of important autographs held in Philadelphia November 12, 1907, he acquired the signature—cut from a document—of Thomas Lynch. This was really the foundation of his splendid collection of autographs and historical documents—particularly of the Signers—one of the most extensive offered for sale in many years.

Apart from the excessively rare signatures of Gwinnett and Lynch, one of the most important lots is Caesar Rodney's letter of July 4th, 1776, telling how he rode through thunder and rain to vote for the Declaration of Independence. In addition to the Signers, there is a complete collection of autograph letters and documents of all the presidents from Washington to Coolidge. And there are scores of letters of the greatest historical interest and importance. Sales as important as this one come only at long intervals. Collectors and dealers have here an opportunity that they are not likely to see again in many years.

GENERAL GREENE LETTERS

TWENTY-TWO volumes of the correspondence of General Nathaniel Greene have been added to the collection of Americana in the Clements Library at the University of Michigan. This gift brings to light and makes available a large amount of material for historical research of students of this period of American history. There is no record of this correspondence, according to William W. Bishop, librarian of the University of Michigan, until it came into the hands of Joseph Sabin of New York, who has long been its owner. The correspondence begins during the campaign of 1777, although the letters during that period are infrequent. In 1779 Greene was made quartermaster general of the Continental Army and his correspondence became more extensive. Mr. Bishop considers the early letters of particular importance because they contain long résumés of the military situation of those days. Some are addressed to Washington and to other officers. In 1780 General Greene was placed in command of the Southern Army and conducted the skilful retreat that led General Cornwallis into the narrow peninsula between the James and the York rivers where the British were bottled up by Washington and Lafayette and compelled to surrender to General Lincoln. General Greene's southern campaign is considered to be the most masterly strategic action of the Revolution and his correspondence during this period deals not only with military reports and communications but also contains his letters to civil authorities in the adjacent states, governors of North Carolina, South Carolina, and Virginia, and among them letters to Thomas Jefferson, and to the Continental Congress and its president. The collection will be catalogued by Dr. Randolph Adams, the library's custodian, who has been engaged in arranging the collection of Henry Vignaud and the Shelburne papers which were also secured for the library by Mr. William L. Clements.

THE NEW EDITION OF SHELLEY. . . .

THE Buxton Forman edition of Shelley, published in 1880, the only edition with any claim to completeness, has long been out of print. The Julian edition, in ten volumes, newly edited with introductions, critical and bibliographical, by Roger Ingpen and Walter E. Peck, will soon begin to appear, the first volume being promised for March. This edition includes, not only all the poems, but all available prose and an excellent selection of lette
a considerable amour
verse and prose, including one complete volume of the early poems, has come to light. In the case of the letters, there is no approximately complete edition, as more than 100 letters have been discovered which were not included in the last edition of Mr. Ingpen's collection; many of them, some of considerable importance, have never been published. The Julian edition will be set in Baskerville type and the size of the volume will be demy octavo. The edition will be limited to 800 copies, 285 of which are reserved for America. It is clear that the publication of this edition will be a bibliographical event of unusual importance, especially to Shelley enthusiasts.

NOTE AND COMMENT

ABED in memory of Louisa May Alcott and her famous book, "Little Women," has been installed in the Royal Free Hospital, Gray's Inn Road, London, through public subscription.

A Paris cable states that Gabriel Wells, the well known rare book dealer, has bought the original manuscript of "Eugénie Grandet," by Honoré de Balzac. This is the only Balzac manuscript not possessed by the Chantilly museum.

From Paris comes the news of the sale there of the library of René Descamps-Scrive at Galérie Georges Petit for a total of 2,700,000 francs. Most of the 738 lots were illustrated books in fine bindings, many by Marius Michel.

Following the success of "The Book of American Spirituals," the Viking Press announces that it will issue a library of Negro folk music, spiritual and secular. James Weldon Johnson, editor of the first book, has agreed to supervise the entire series.

The Bookman's Journal of London has just published a "Bibliography of the Writings of John Addington Symonds," by Percy L. Babington, which will be supplied on this side by the office of *The Publishers' Weekly*. It is the first comprehensive bibliography of this prolific author in which a number of rare and suppressed items are brought to light for the first time.

The sale of the collections of the late Viscount Leverhulme, to be held at the Anderson Galleries, will consume nearly a month. Part I, furniture, tapestries, rugs and bronzes, will be sold February 9, 10, 11, 12, and 13; paintings, February 17, 18, 19; porcelains, English and Chinese, February 20; Part II, furniture, tapestries, rugs, and bronzes, February 24, 25, 26, and 27; the library, February 22 and 23; original drawings and prints, March 2; and water colors, March 3, 4, and 5.

There was a good deal of talk recently about the reported desecration of the grave of Stevenson in Samoa. It was reported that certain visitors had carved their names or initials on the tomb. It now appears that the administrator of Western Samoa has taken the matter in hand. The scratchings have been removed, and there is in the office of the New Zealand government in the Strand a photograph which shows that the monument is well cared for. The administrator, Sir George Richardson, lives in Vailima, the house that Stevenson built for himself near Apia.

In the preface which A. Edward Newton wrote for the third printing of his "The Greatest Book in the World and Other Papers," he says: "My prize blunder remains, as yet undiscovered." In answer to a letter asking if his spelling of "Pierce Plowman," instead of the commonly accepted "Piers Plowman" was the blunder he had in mind, he wrote: "'Pierce Plowman'" is exactly the way the name was printed in the first edition of the famous book—1550, I think it was. I have a copy in my library and I am positive as to the spelling of the name, but it is possible that I may be mistaken as to the date. When I wrote that little line as to the blunder, I did so by way of apology, and with no intention of making a riddle for my readers to cut their teeth upon. I am positively overwhelmed with letters calling attention to misplaced punctuation and bad grammar. And yet my blunder remains up to the present undiscovered."

The Readers Guide

(*Continued from page* 501)

A number of correspondents—among them J. G., Swannanoa, N. C., J. B., Colorado Springs, F. W., Portland, Ore., W. S., Decatur, Ill.—more lately asked for advice in getting started on collecting first editions.

BEYOND telling them to keep in touch with "American Book Prices Current" (Dutton), the indispensable record and guide for book-collectors, and informing those whose specialty was American firsts that the R. R. Bowker Co., will publish, early in 1926, "American First Editions:" a series of bibliographical check lists edited by Merle Johnson, with complete data of ninety or more authors (and murmuring that "A Reader's Guide Book" (Holt) has a chapter on this subject) I have given them to understand that the amateur usually made his way by main strength and awkwardness. But as I have lately caused my name to be inscribed in the directory known as "Privat
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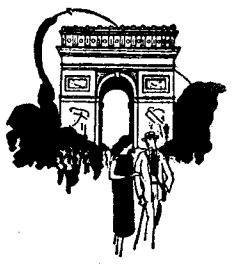

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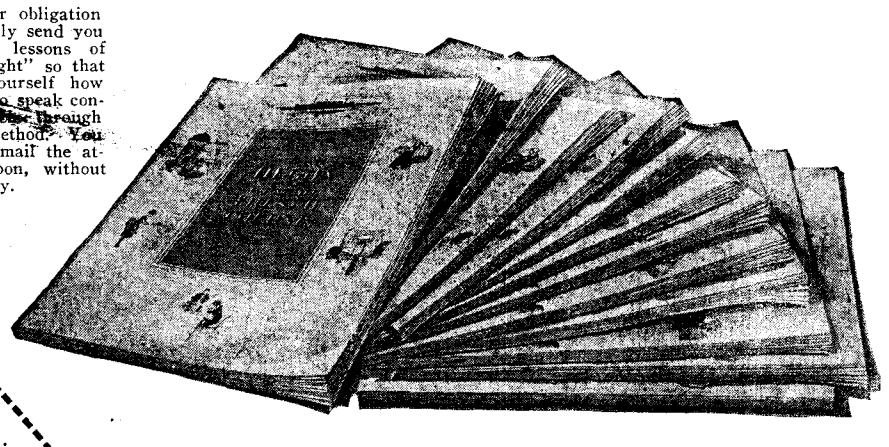

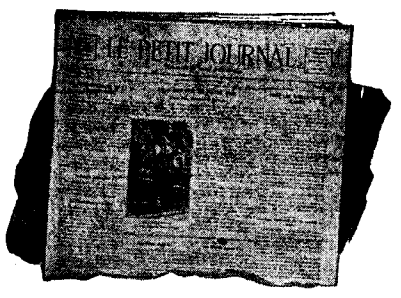

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